

Voice of Praise.

A Collection of New Songs for Gospel
Meetings and Sunday Schools.

By

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.




ELIZABETHTOWN, KY.:
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

Price, 30 Cts.; \$3.00 per dozen, by express not prepaid; \$20 per 100, not prepaid.

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VOICE OF PRAISE

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...PREFACE...

In preparing this book, I have selected songs suited to all kinds of religious work and worship. Work Songs, Prayer Meeting Songs, Funeral Songs, Children's Songs, Opening and Closing Songs.

Evangelists will find this book especially suited to the Evangelistic work.

I have used a number of these songs in my work in protracted meetings and Sunday Schools, and, together with the new, I believe "VOICE OF PRAISE" will meet all of the above requirements. That it may prove a blessing to all who sing for Christ, is my Prayer.

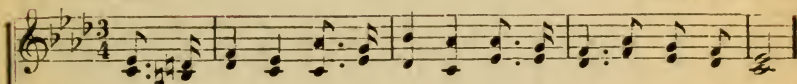
Voice of Praise.

No. 1.

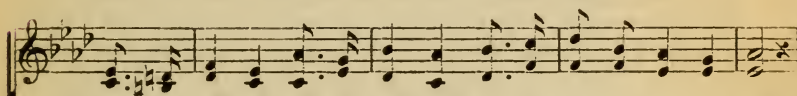
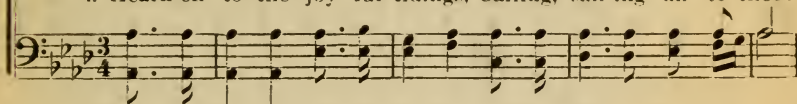
Follow Me.

F. L. EILAND.

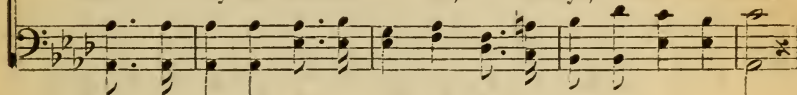
J. H. ROSECRANS.



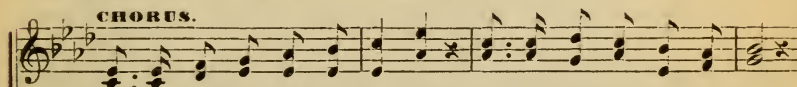
1. Is the road you're trav'ling, sinner, One you think will take you home?
2. Is your life what God would have it? Won't you stop and think to-day?
3. Here's the road that leads to heaven, Straight and narrow, smooth and plain;
4. Hearn-en to the joy-ful tidings, Calling, call-ing un-to thee!



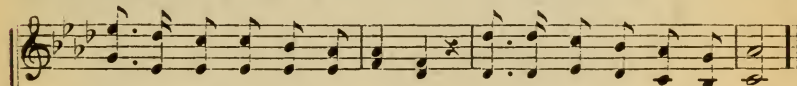
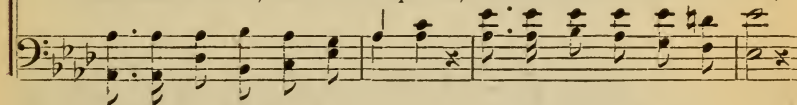
Don't you see th'pall-ing dan-ger All a-long the path you roam?
 'Tis a question you should ponder, Ponder well, now, while you may!
 Turn, oh, turn! and walk ye in it, If e-ter-nal life you'd gain!
 And o-bey the voice of Je-sus, For he says, "Come follow me!"



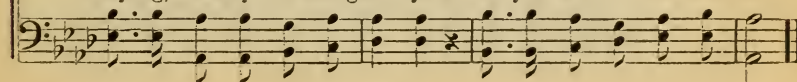
CHORUS.



Turn and fol-low, now his footprints, Je-sus left them here for thee,



Saying, "Safely I will guide you If you will but fol-low me!"

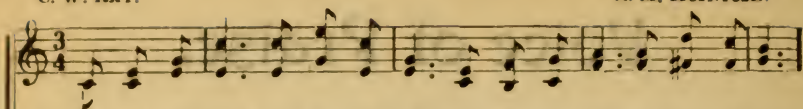


No. 2.

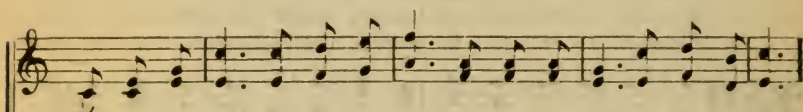
Behold the Lamb.

C. W. RAY.

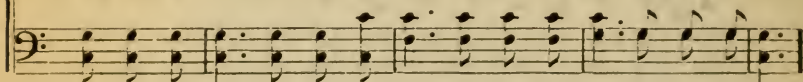
R. M. MCINTOSH.



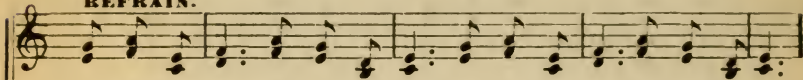
1. Be-hold the Lamb of Cal - va - ry—The bloody cross on which he dies;
2. Be-hold the Lamb for sinners slain ; Betrayed, reviled and cru-ci-fied ;
3. Be-hold the Lamb ! the rough thorn-crown, Upon the dear Redeemer's brow ;
4. Be-hold the Lamb ! behold his blood, Who takes our sin and guilt away ;



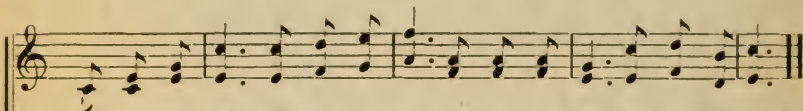
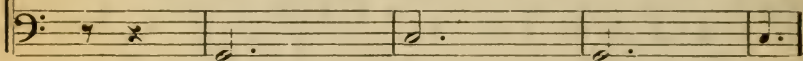
He suf-fers there for you and me, Oh, wondrous, wondrous sacrifice.
The pierced hands, the gory stain ; The nails, the spear and wounded side.
While crimson streams are flowing down, Beneath his bleeding feet I bow.
Beneath its precious cleansing flood, My weary trembling soul I lay.



REFRAIN.



Oh, blessed sin - a - toning Lamb, Thy dreadful a - go - nies I see ;



Thou art my trust and thine I am, For thou hast bled and died for me.

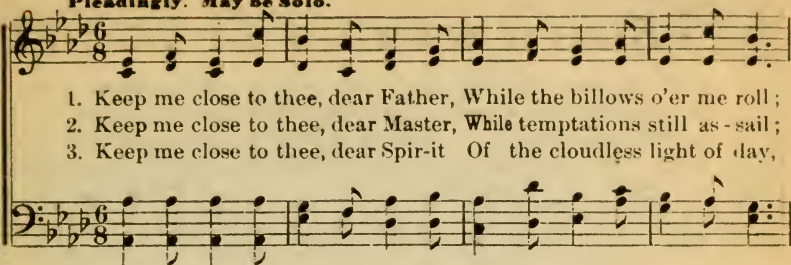


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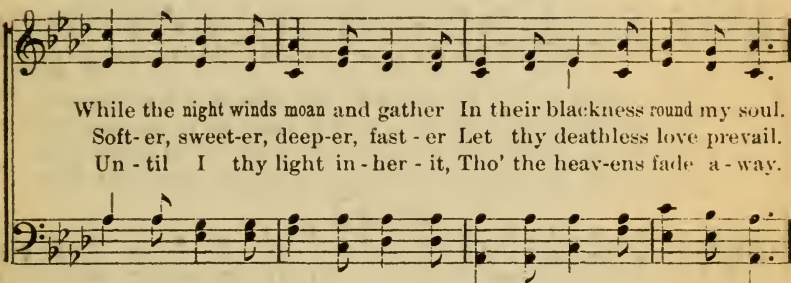
No. 3. Keep Me Close to Thee.

DR. A. C. WOODRUFF. By per.

Pleadingly. May be Solo.

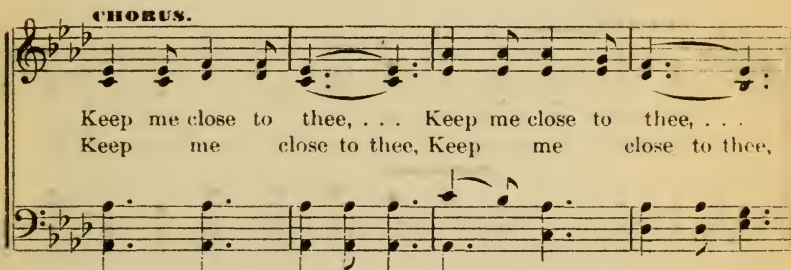


1. Keep me close to thee, dear Father, While the billows o'er me roll ;
 2. Keep me close to thee, dear Master, While temptations still as - sail ;
 3. Keep me close to thee, dear Spir-it Of the cloudless light of day,

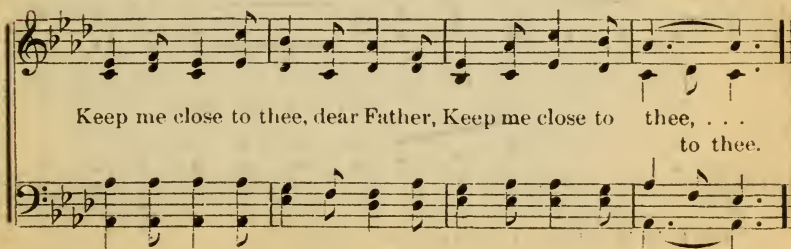


While the night winds moan and gather In their blackness round my soul.
 Soft-er, sweet-er, deep-er, fast - er Let thy deathless love prevail.
 Un - til I thy light in - her - it, Tho' the heav-ens fade a - way.

CHORUS.



Keep me close to thee, . . . Keep me close to thee, . . .
 Keep me close to thee, Keep me close to thee,

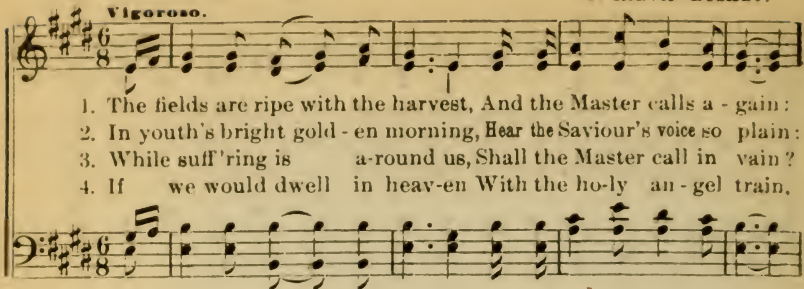


Keep me close to thee, dear Father, Keep me close to thee, . . .
 to thee.

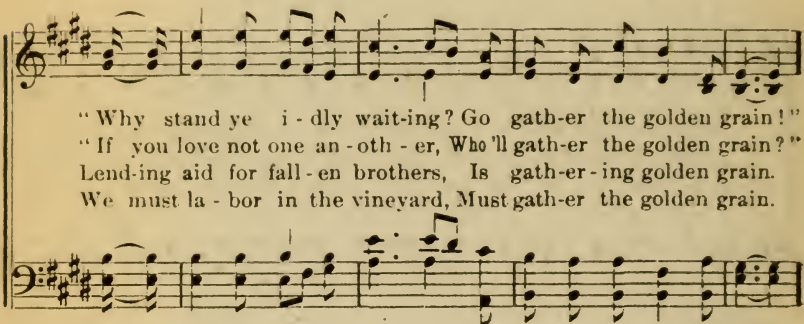
No. 4. Go Gather the Golden Grain.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

Vigorous.



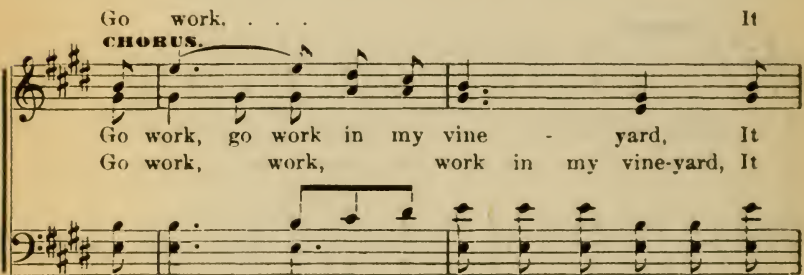
1. The fields are ripe with the harvest, And the Master calls a - gain :
2. In youth's bright gold - en morning, Hear the Saviour's voice so plain :
3. While suff'ring is a - round us, Shall the Master call in vain ?
4. If we would dwell in heav-en With the ho-ly an - gel train,



"Why stand ye i - dly wait-ing? Go gath-er the golden grain!"
 "If you love not one an - oth - er, Who'll gath-er the golden grain?"
 Lend-ing aid for fall-en brothers, Is gath-er-ing golden grain.
 We must la - bor in the vineyard, Must gath-er the golden grain.

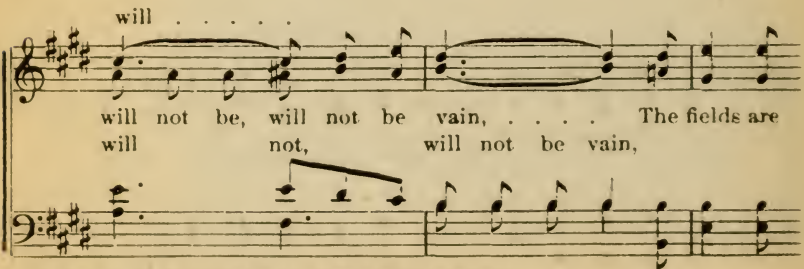
Go work, It

CHORUS.



Go work, go work in my vine - yard, It
 Go work, work, work in my vine-yard, It

will



will not be, will not be vain, The fields are
 will not, will not be vain,

Go Gather the Golden Grain. Concluded.

ripe with the har - vest, Go gath - er the gold - en grain.

No. 5. Let Us Walk in the Light.

ANON.

ANON.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweetest
 'Tis re - lig - ion must sup - ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id
 2. Aft - er death its joys will be, In the light, in the light, Last - ing
 Be the liv - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then may

CHORUS.

pleasure while we live In the light of God. }
 comfort when we die In the light of God. } Let us walk in the light,
 as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God. }
 bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God. }

In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

No. 6.

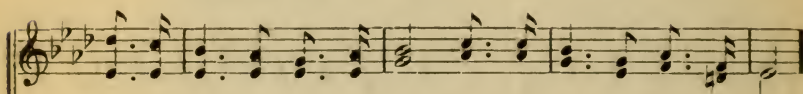
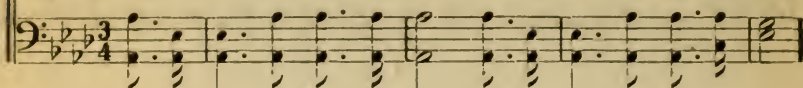
Blood of the Lamb!

KNOWLES SHAW.

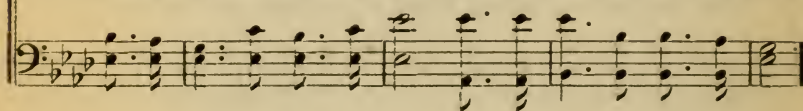
J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.



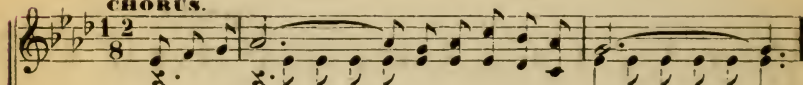
1. I am sin - ful and to thee, Lord, in an-guish I would flee,
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid; Let thy hand on me be laid—
3. Cleanse me in thy pre-cious blood, Love's pure, crim-son streaming flood:



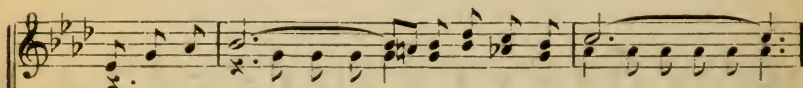
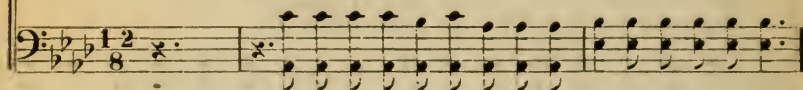
To the fountain let me go, Make me whit - er than the snow.
 Thou a-lone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whit - er than the snow.
 Robes of brightness, Lord, bestow, Make me whit - er than the snow.



CHORUS.



Blood of the Lamb! . . . in thy wonderful flow,
 Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow, thy wonderful flow,



Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow,
 Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,



Blood of the Lamb! Concluded.

Whiter than snow, the beauti-ful snow,
Whiter than snow, the beautiful snow, the beautiful snow,

Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow. . . .
Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow.

No. 7.

Arlington.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from envy, scorn and pride, Our wishes all a - bove,
4. When love in one de-lightful stream Thro' ev'-ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The happy souls a - bove;

In one an - oth - er's peace de-light, And so ful - fill the word.
When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
When un-ion sweet and dear es-teem In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bo - som glow with love.

No. 8.

Lead Me to the Rock.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my
 2. When Sa-tan, the tempt-er, comes in like a flood, And would
 3. And when I have end-ed my pil-grim-age here, And the
 4. And when the last trum-pet shall sound thro' the skies, When the

heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care; From the ends of the
 drive my poor soul a-way from my God; I will pray to the
 an-gel of death for me shall ap-pear: In the swellings of
 dead from the dust of earth shall a-rise, I will join the re-

earth un-to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is
 Lord, who for sin-ners did die, Lead me to the Rock that is
 Jor-dan on thee I'll re-ly, And look to the Rock that is
 deemed far a-bove yon-der sky. To praise the dear Rock that is

REFRAIN.

high-er than I. High-er than I, high-er than I.

Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I; High-er than I,

Lead Me to the Rock. Concluded.

high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

No. 9.

Zerah. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
 2. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For ev - er - more a-dored,
 3. His pow'r, in-creas-ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;
 4. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;

Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n;
 The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The great and might-y Lord!
 Jus-tice shall guard his throne a-bove, And peace a-bound be-low,
 The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The might-y Lord of heav'n!

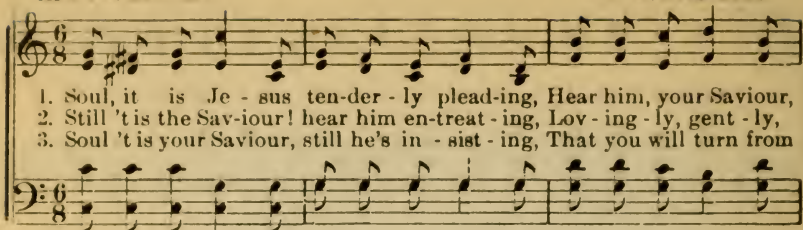
Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n.
 The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The great and might-y Lord!
 Jus-tice shall guard his throne above, And peace a-bound be-low.
 The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-or, The might-y Lord of heav'n!

No. 10.

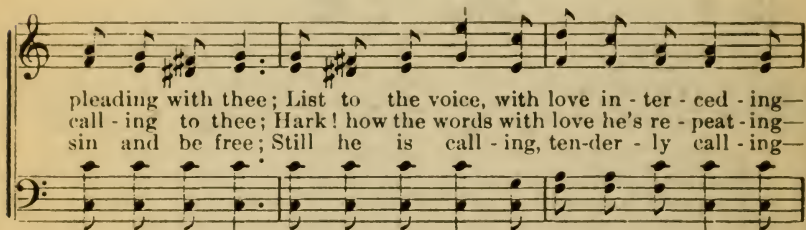
Soul, It Is Jesus.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

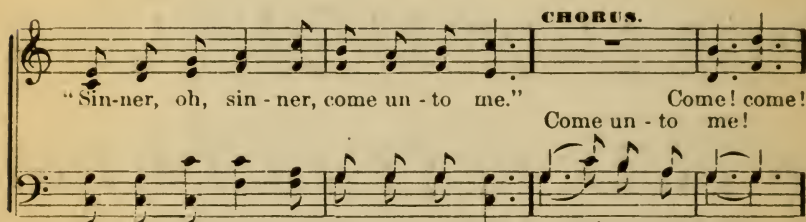
J. H. ROSECRANS.



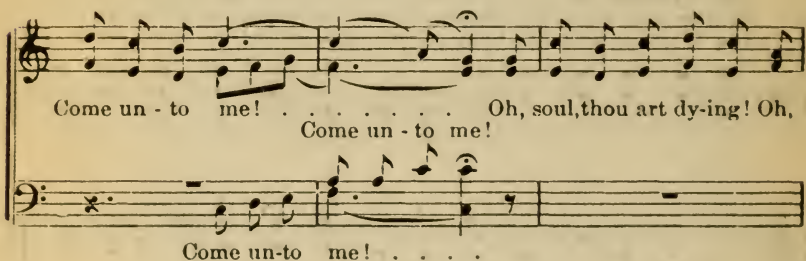
1. Soul, it is Je - sus ten - der - ly plead - ing, Hear him, your Saviour,
 2. Still 't is the Sav - iour! hear him en - treat - ing, Lov - ing - ly, gent - ly,
 3. Soul 't is your Saviour, still he's in - sist - ing, That you will turn from



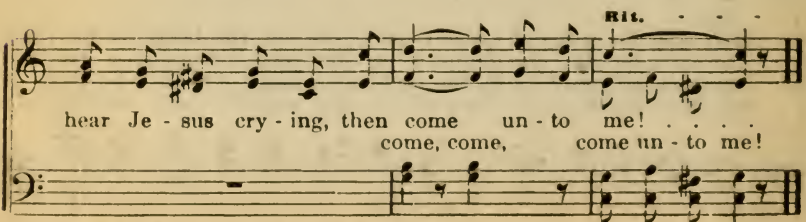
pleading with thee; List to the voice, with love in - ter - ced - ing -
 call - ing to thee; Hark! how the words with love he's re - peat - ing -
 sin and be free; Still he is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing -



CHORUS.
 "Sin - ner, oh, sin - ner, come un - to me." Come! come!
 Come un - to me!



Come un - to me! . . . Oh, soul, thou art dy - ing! Oh,
 Come un - to me!
 Come un - to me!



Rit.
 hear Je - sus cry - ing, then come un - to me! . . .
 come, come, come un - to me!

No. 11.

Crown Him.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. { Crown him, crown him! o - ver all na-tions vic - to - rious,
 { Crown him, crown him! tell of his king-dom all - glo - rious,
 2. { Crown him, crown him! now and for - ev - er a - dore him,
 { Crown him, crown him! ye, who have wandered, im-plore him.

Shout ho - san - na! Je - sus has come to reign; }
 Raise the stand - ard, ev - er his cause main - tain. }
 Lo, he com - eth! glad - ly the news pro - claim; }
 Seek his par - don, he will your souls re - claim; }

Laud him! praise him, join in the mighty cho-rus, Joy - ful sing the
 Hail him! bless him! worship and fall before him, Joy - ful sing the

CHORUS.

song with its glad re - frain. Crown him, crown him! worship the

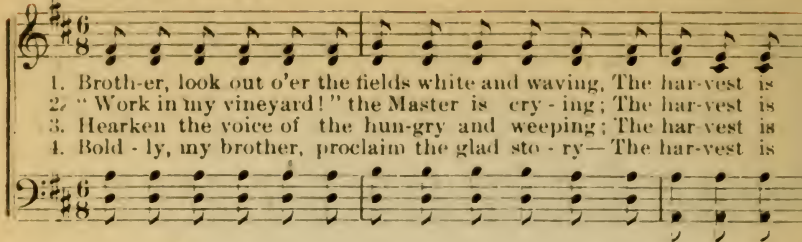
King of Sal - va-tion, Shout ho-san - na! Jesus has come to reign!

No. 12.

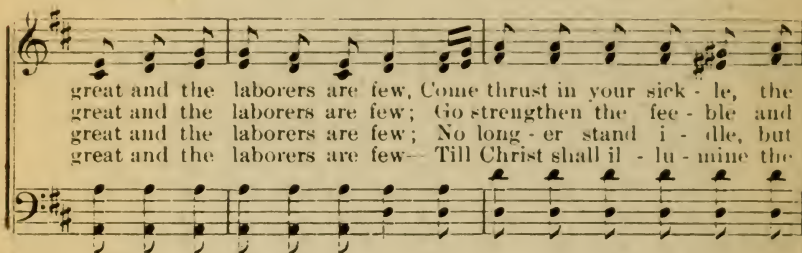
Calling for You.

MARY SPARKS WHEELER.

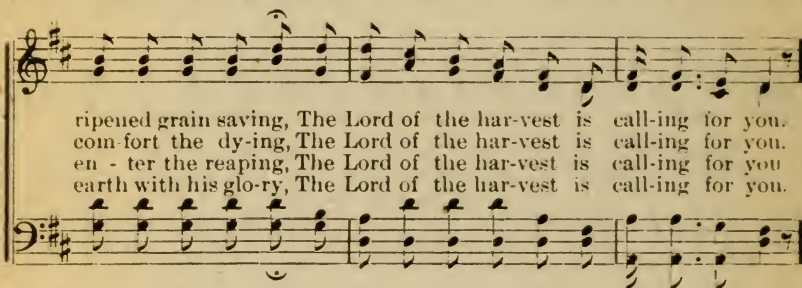
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



1. Broth-er, look out o'er the fields white and waving, The har-vest is
 2. "Work in my vineyard!" the Master is cry-ing; The har-vest is
 3. Hearken the voice of the hun-gry and weeping; The har-vest is
 4. Bold-ly, my brother, proclaim the glad sto-ry—The har-vest is

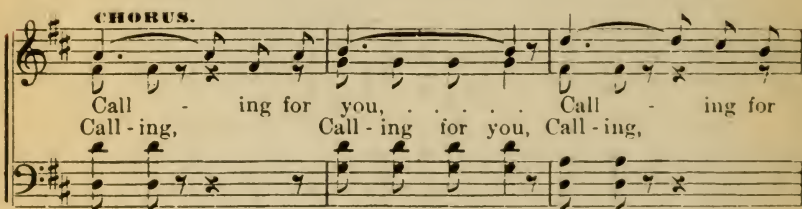


great and the laborers are few, Come thrust in your sick-le, the
 great and the laborers are few; Go strengthen the fee-ble and
 great and the laborers are few; No long-er stand i-dle, but
 great and the laborers are few—Till Christ shall il-lu-mine the

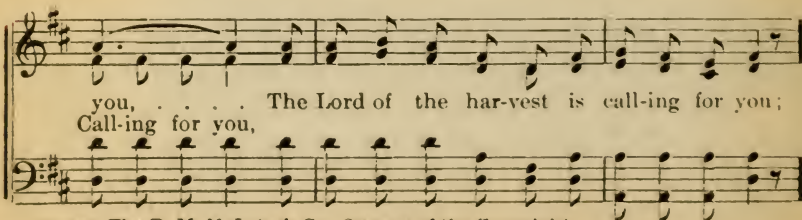


ripened grain saving, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.
 com-fort the dy-ing, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.
 en-ter the reaping, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you
 earth with his glo-ry, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.

CHORUS.



Call-ing for you, Call-ing for you, Call-ing for
 Call-ing, Call-ing for you, Call-ing,



you, . . . The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you;
 Call-ing for you,

Calling for You. Concluded.

Call - ing for you, Call - ing for you, Call - ing for
Call - ing, Call - ing for you, Call - ing,

you, . . . The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.
Call-ing for you,

No. 13.

Boylston. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry! Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin de-mands a tear; In

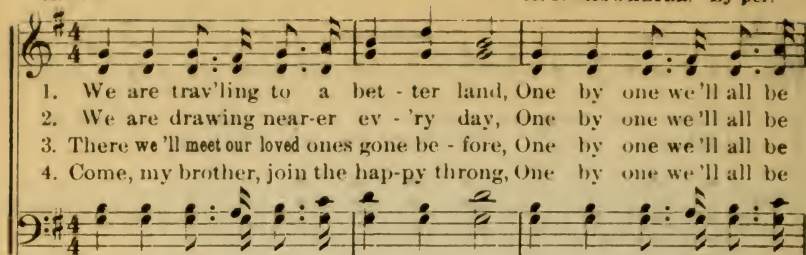
tears of pen - i - ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
thou as - ton - ished, O my soul: He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

No. 14.

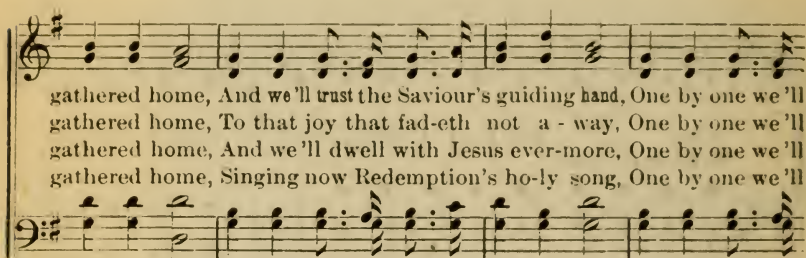
Gathered Home.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.



1. We are trav'ling to a bet - ter land, One by one we'll all be
 2. We are drawing near-er ev - 'ry day, One by one we'll all be
 3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone be - fore, One by one we'll all be
 4. Come, my brother, join the hap-py throng, One by one we'll all be

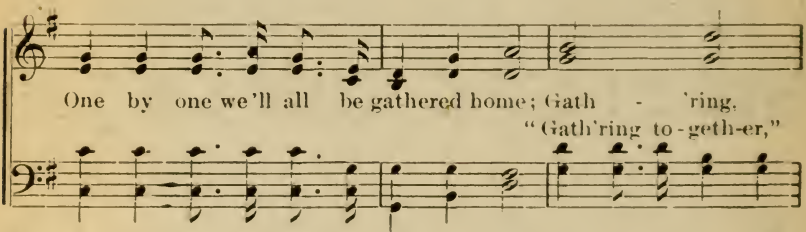


gathered home, And we'll trust the Saviour's guiding hand, One by one we'll
 gathered home, To that joy that fad-eth not a - way, One by one we'll
 gathered home, And we'll dwell with Jesus ever-more, One by one we'll
 gathered home, Singing now Redemption's ho-ly song, One by one we'll

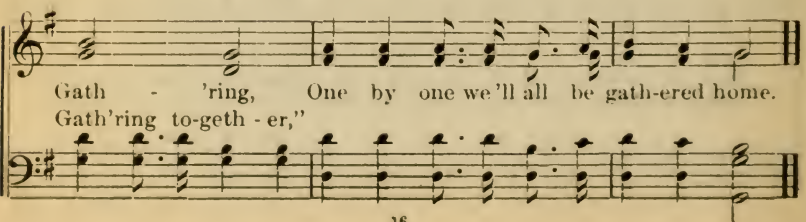
CHORUS.



all be gath-ered home Gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,
 "Gath'ring together," "gath'ring to-geth-er,"



One by one we'll all be gathered home; Gath - 'ring,
 "Gath'ring to - geth-er,"

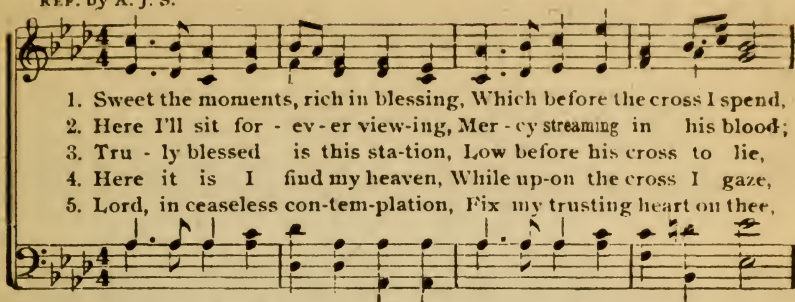


Gath - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gath-ered home.
 Gath'ring to-geth - er,"

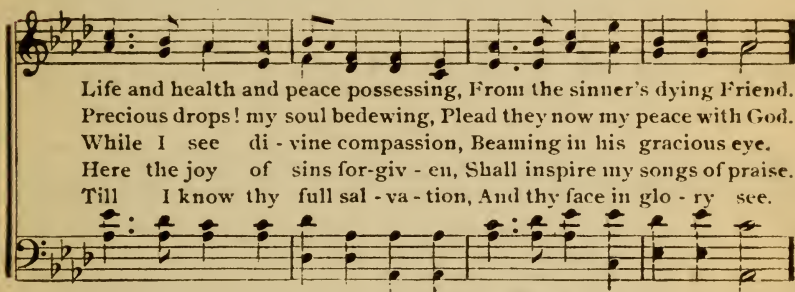
No. 15. Standing by the Cross.

Words by ALLEN SHIRLEY.
REV. by A. J. S.

Music by A. J. SHOWALTER.

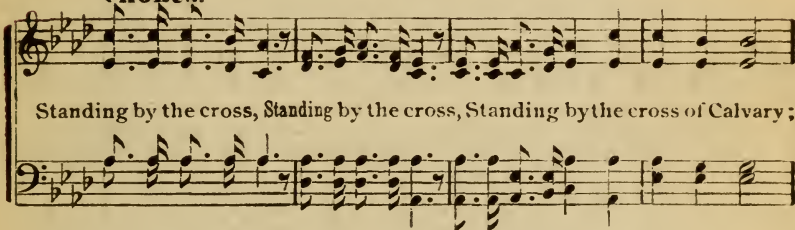


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll sit for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy stream-ing in his blood;
3. Tru - ly blessed is this sta-tion, Low before his cross to lie,
4. Here it is I find my heaven, While up-on the cross I gaze,
5. Lord, in ceaseless con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my trusting heart on thee,

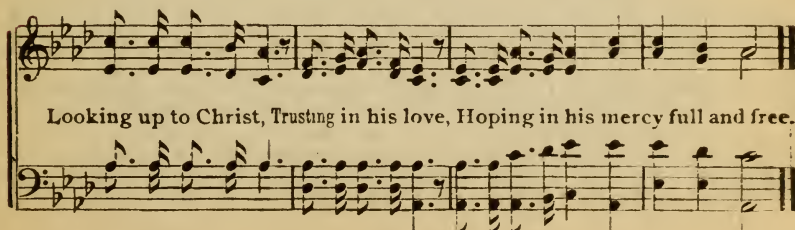


Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.
Precious drops! my soul bedewing, Plead they now my peace with God.
While I see di - vine compassion, Beaming in his gracious eye.
Here the joy of sins for-giv - en, Shall inspire my songs of praise.
Till I know thy full sal - va - tion, And thy face in glo - ry see.

CHORUS.



Standing by the cross, Standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calvary;



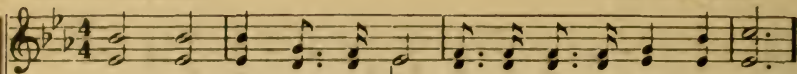
Looking up to Christ, Trusting in his love, Hoping in his mercy full and free.

No. 16.

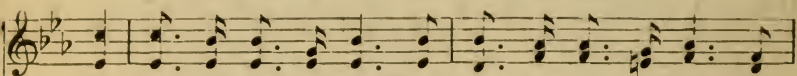
Lost! Lost!

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

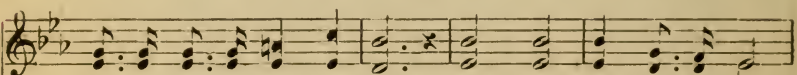
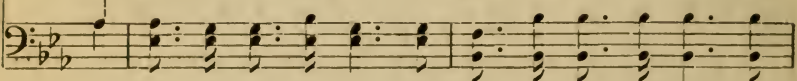
J. H. ROSECRANS.



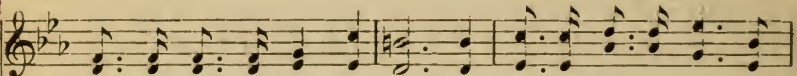
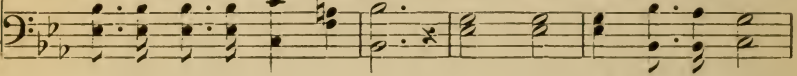
1. Lost! lost! Hear the death cry! Men are dy-ing day by day;
2. Haste! haste! Soul, it is Christ Call-ing thee to fly to him;
3. Lost! lost! But Christ can save, Will you spurn his love di-vine?



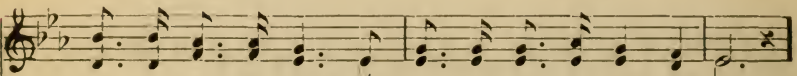
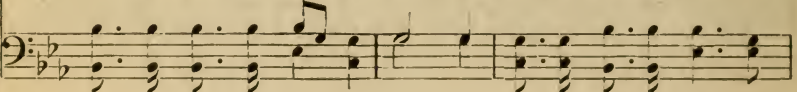
'Tis Sa-tan's mighty pow'r That's work-ing ev-'ry hour To
His might-y love can shield If you to him but yield The
Soul, soul, he calls to thee, "Look now from self to me, Lo,



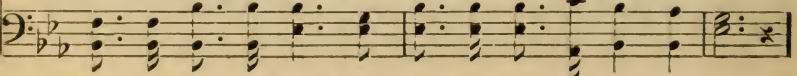
lead souls in-to end-less gloom. Haste! haste! Soul it is death!
soul at which death hurls his dart. Soul! soul! Christ calls to thee,
I will guide thee to the light." Soul! soul! Speak Je-sus' name!



Haste! for soon 't will be too late! Oh, haste, the moments fly, Hear,
Will you still re-main in sin? Oh, do not wait till light Is
It will give you strength to trust; What tho' you're stained by sin, He'll



hear the Mas-ter cry—"Soul, I would save thee from death's doom."
lost in end-less night! Turn now, and yield to Christ thy heart.
wash and make you clean—Oh, lost one, turn to Christ to-night.



Lost! Lost! Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Lost! lost! (Oh, soul the Christ)
yes (Bids thee come home,) He longs to save, Come home, come home.

Rit.

No. 17. Antioch. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ:
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground:
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
He comes to make his blessings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of his righteousness, And wonders of his love,

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And wonders of his love, And wonders, won - ders of his love.

No. 18. Christ Has Set Me Free.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

J. H. ROSECRANCE.

1. Free from law! oh, join my shout of triumph! I am free, yes, free, the
 2. Child of God! this is my glorious ti - tle! I am free, yes, free, the
 3. Come to me! oh, hear the in - vi - ta - tion, He is call - ing, gent - ly

Christ has set me free; Once he died to win my full sal - va - tion,
 blood has set me free; Out of death to life of end - less beauty.
 call - ing now to thee; Soul, he cries, I long for thy sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.
 And the law no long - er now can frighten me. Free -
 I am safe for - ever now, dear Lord, with thee. Christ has won my
 Come, oh, come, he cries, and I will set you free.

dom! Free - dom! Now the law no
 full sal - va - tion, I am free from condem - na - tion,

more can threaten me! Free - dom!
 Christ has won my full sal - va - tion,

Christ Has Set Me Free. Concluded.

Free - dom! Christ is mine, and from the law I'm free.
I am free from condemnation,

No. 19. Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall:
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race,— A rem-nant weak and small
3. Ye Gen-tile sin-ners, ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall:
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
5. Oh, that, with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all:
Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all:
To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all:
We'll join the ev-er-lasting song, And crown him Lord of all:

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

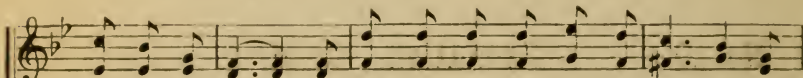
No. 20. I Lean on His Wonderful Might.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

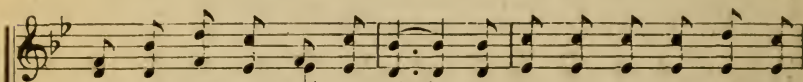
FRANK M. DAVIS.




1. The mer - ci - ful Lord is my Shep-herd, The Rod and the
 2. If friends that I love pass be-yond me, To dwell in his
 3. Ere long will his mes-sen - ger call me; I feel that the



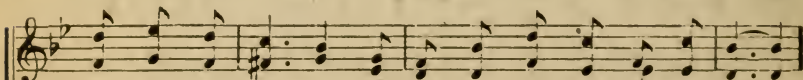
Staff of my soul; He ev - er is near to pro-tect me, And
 beau-ti - ful home, Where sickness and death nev - er en - ter, And
 twi-ght is near; And yet 'tis with gladness I hail it, My



guide t'ward the heav - en - ly goal. My hand he is hold-ing se-
 no one in sor-row may roam, His hand dries my tears, and I
 soul knows no ter - ror or fear; For just past the val - ley of



cure - ly; I'm walking by faith, not by sight; If sunlight or
 trust him, Who ev - er doth guide me a - right; His love, all sus-
 shad-ow, There gleameth the cit - y of light; Oh, there would I

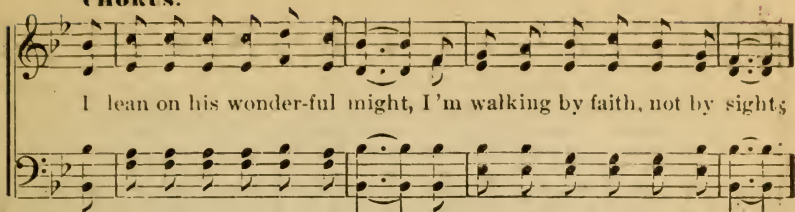


shad-ow pre-vail - eth, I lean on his won-der - ful might.
 tain - ing, up-holds me; I lean on his won-der - ful might.
 praise him for - ev - er, And lean on his won-der - ful might.

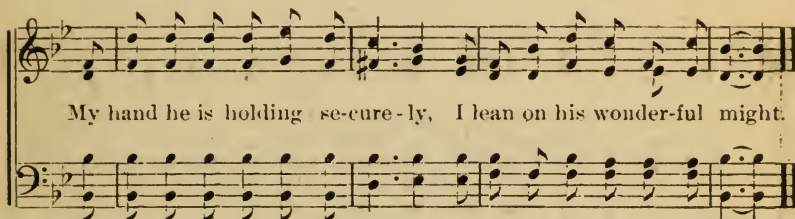
By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., Owners of Copyright.

I Lean on His Wonderful Might.

CHORUS.



I lean on his wonder-ful might, I'm walking by faith, not by sight;



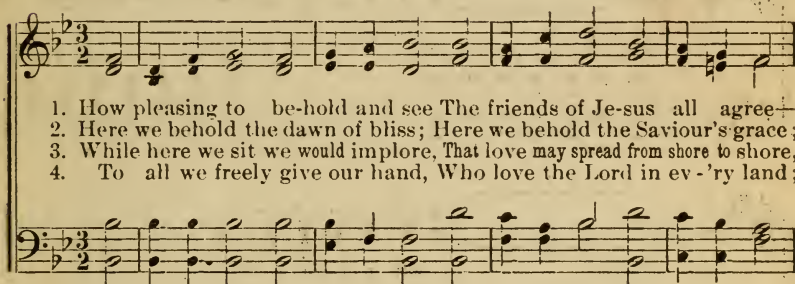
My hand he is holding se-cure-ly, I lean on his wonder-ful might.

No. 21.

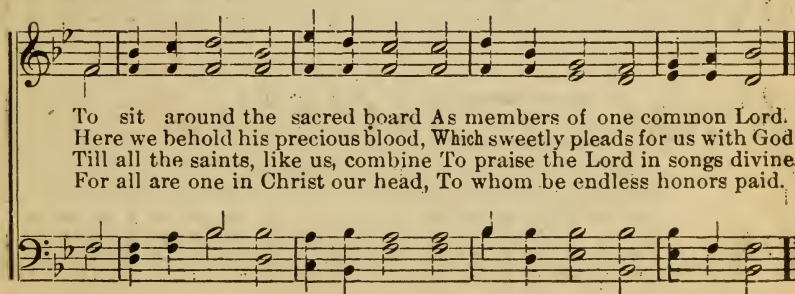
Hebron. L. M.

JOHN DOBELL.

DR. L. MASON.



1. How pleasing to be-hold and see The friends of Je-sus all agree—
2. Here we behold the dawn of bliss; Here we behold the Saviour's grace;
3. While here we sit we would implore, That love may spread from shore to shore,
4. To all we freely give our hand, Who love the Lord in ev-'ry land;



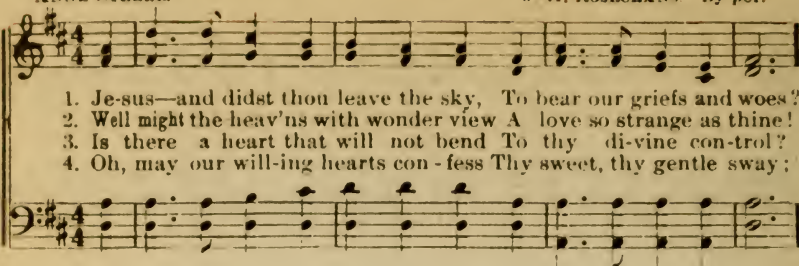
To sit around the sacred board As members of one common Lord.
 Here we behold his precious blood, Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
 Till all the saints, like us, combine To praise the Lord in songs divine.
 For all are one in Christ our head, To whom be endless honors paid.

No. 22.

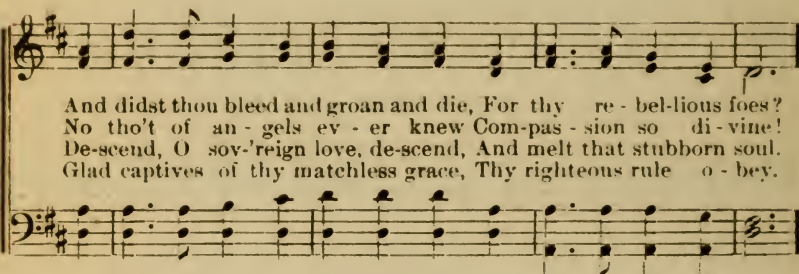
Wonderful Love.

ANNE STEELE.

J. H. ROSECRANS By per.



1. Je-sus—and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
 2. Well might the heav'ns with wonder view A love so strange as thine!
 3. Is there a heart that will not bend To thy di-vine con-trol?
 4. Oh, may our will-ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;

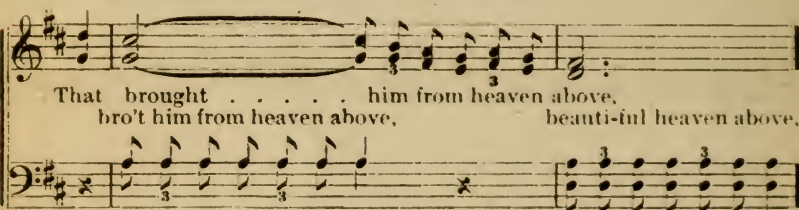


And didst thou bleed and groan and die, For thy re-bel-lious foes?
 No tho't of an-gels ev-er knew Com-pas-sion so di-vine!
 De-scend, O sov-er-ign love, de-scend, And melt that stubborn soul.
 Glad captives of thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o-bey.

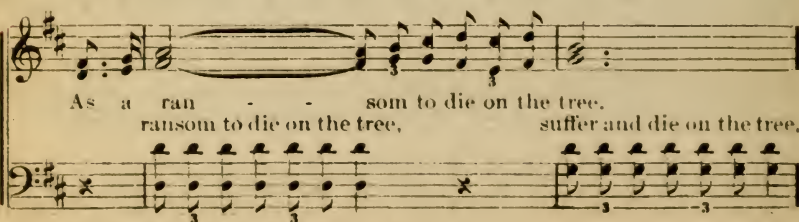
CHORUS.



Oh, 't was won-derful, wonderful love,
 wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love,



That brought him from heaven above,
 bro't him from heaven above, beauti-ful heaven above,



As a ran-som to die on the tree,
 ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,

Wonderful Love. Concluded.

Musical score for 'Wonderful Love. Concluded.' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'To save . . . a poor sinner like me. save a poor sinner like me, like me, a sinner like me.' The score includes triplets in both staves.

No. 23.

Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

Musical score for 'Oh, Happy Day.' in G major, 3/2 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. { Oh, happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } 2. { Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows, To him that merits all my love! } { Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } 3. { 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and he is mine: } { He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. } 4. { Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fixed on this blissful center, rest; } { Nor ever from thy Lord depart; With him, of ev'ry good possessed. } 5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, } { Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

Musical score for the chorus of 'Oh, Happy Day.' in G major, 3/2 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!'. The score is marked 'CHORUS.' and 'FINE.'.

Musical score for the verse of 'Oh, Happy Day.' in G major, 3/2 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic-ing ev'ry day.' The score is marked 'D. S.'.

No. 24. I'm Nearer My Home.

IDA L. REED. Chorus Arr.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. I'm near-er my home to - day, The jour-ney will soon be
 2. When fadeth each day's last beam, My way wea - ry feet have
 3. I'm near-er that fond loved land, I'm near - er its gates of

o'er, (be o'er,) Each hour as it glides a - way, . Brings
 pressed, (have pressed) Still clos - er the mys - tic stream, That
 light, (of light,) And soon its bright sil - v'ry strand, Shall

CHORUS.

near - er its shin - ing shore. I'm near - - er my
 bor - ders the land of rest.
 glad - den the spir - it's sight. I'm near - er my home, my

home, . . . I'm near - er my home, . . . I'm
 heav-en - ly home, I'm nearer my home, My heav-en - ly home, I'm

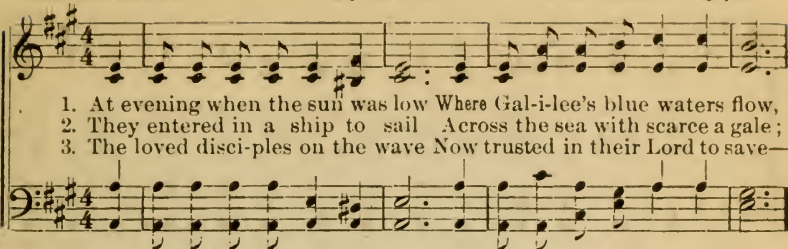
near - er my home to-day, Than ever I've been be - fore.

No. 25. We'll Safely Reach the Other Shore.

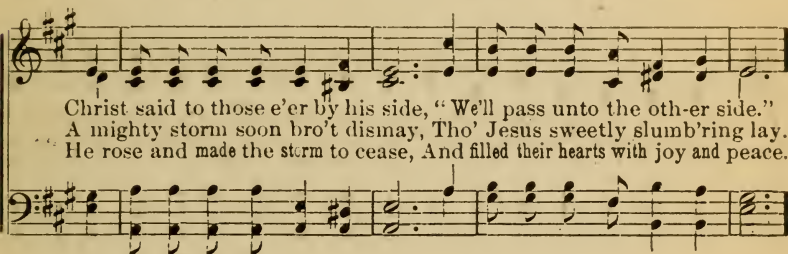
MARIA STRAUB.

(QUARTET.)

S. W. STRAUB. By per.

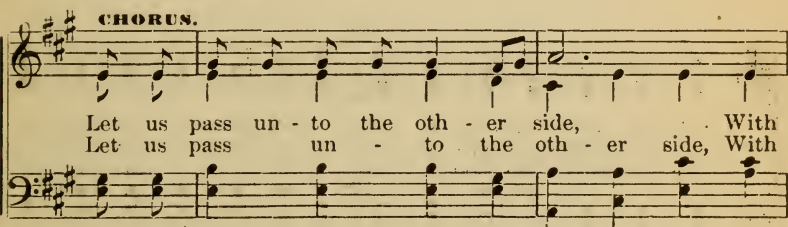


1. At evening when the sun was low Where Gal-i-lee's blue waters flow,
2. They entered in a ship to sail Across the sea with scarce a gale;
3. The loved disci-ples on the wave Now trusted in their Lord to save—

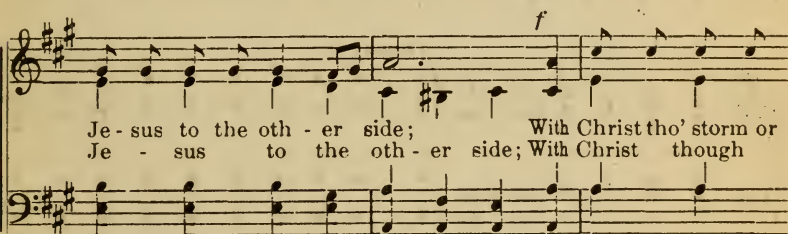


Christ said to those e'er by his side, "We'll pass unto the oth-er side."
 A mighty storm soon bro't dismay, Tho' Jesus sweetly slumb'ring lay.
 He rose and made the storm to cease, And filled their hearts with joy and peace.

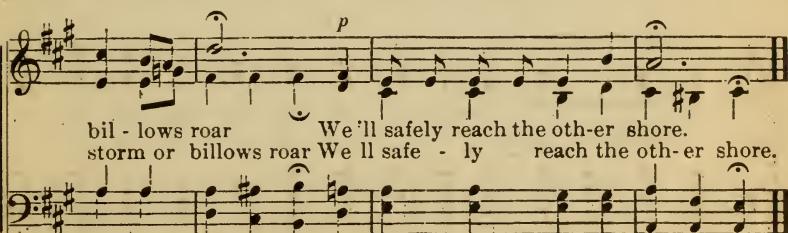
CHORUS.



Let us pass un - to the oth - er side, With
 Let us pass un - to the oth - er side, With



Je - sus to the oth - er side; With Christ tho' storm or
 Je - sus to the oth - er side; With Christ though

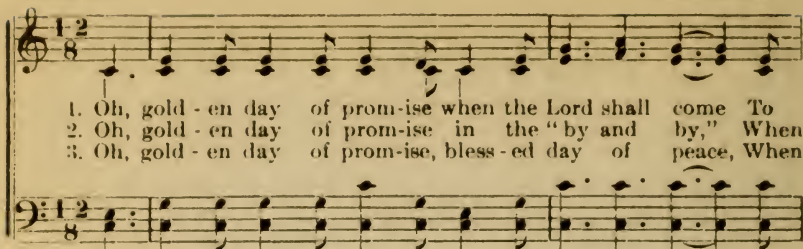


bil - lows roar We'll safely reach the oth-er shore.
 storm or billows roar We'll safe - ly reach the oth-er shore.

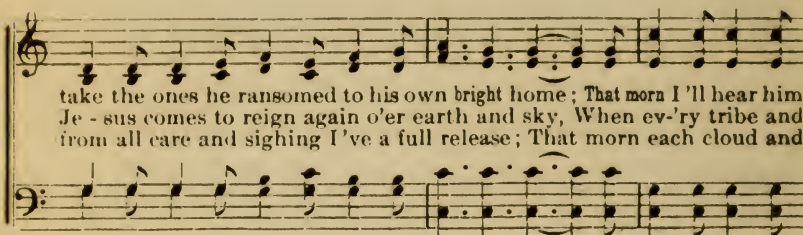
No. 26. Golden Day of Promise.

L. E. J.

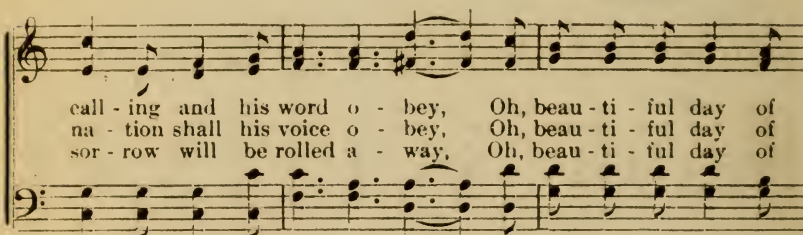
L. E. JONES.



1. Oh, gold - en day of prom - ise when the Lord shall come To
 2. Oh, gold - en day of prom - ise in the "by and by," When
 3. Oh, gold - en day of prom - ise, bless - ed day of peace, When



take the ones he ransomed to his own bright home; That morn I'll hear him
 Je - sus comes to reign again o'er earth and sky, When ev'-ry tribe and
 from all care and sighing I've a full release; That morn each cloud and

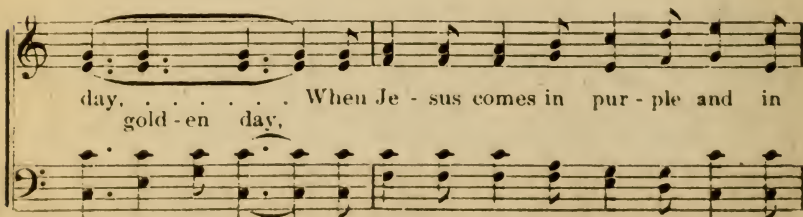


call - ing and his word o - bey, Oh, beau - ti - ful day of
 na - tion shall his voice o - bey, Oh, beau - ti - ful day of
 sor - row will be rolled a - way, Oh, beau - ti - ful day of

CHORUS.



promise, golden day. Oh, beau - ti - ful day of promise, golden



day, When Je - sus comes in pur - ple and in
 gold - en day,

Golden Day of Promise. Concluded.

gold, Oh, beau-ti - ful day of prom-ise, gold - en
pur-ple and gold,

day. Thy glories yet were never, never told.
golden day, never were told.

No. 27.

Azmon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend his cause;
2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know his name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well se - cure
4. Then will he own my worthless name Be - fore his Father's face,

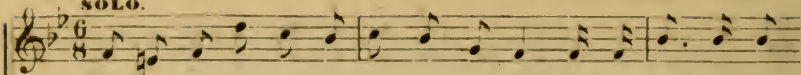
Main-tain the hon - ors of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've commit-ted to his hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap-point for me a place.

No. 28. Death is Only a Dream.

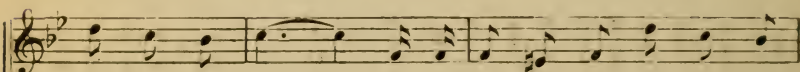
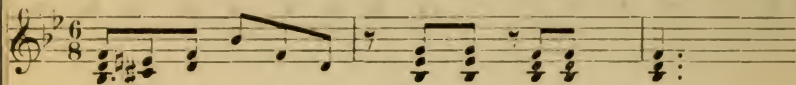
C. W. RAY.

A. J. BUCHANAN. By per.

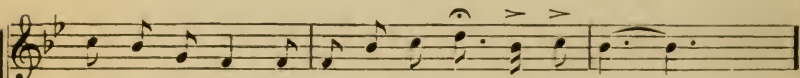
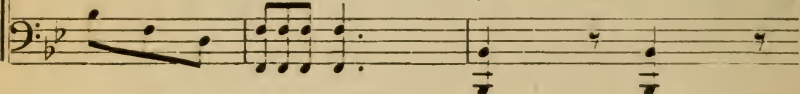
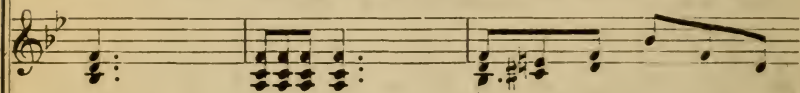
SOLO.



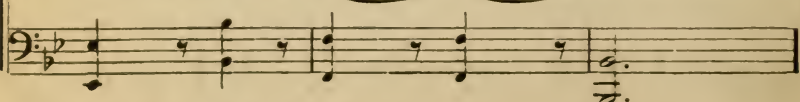
1. Sad - ly we sing, and with tremu-lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the weary ones rest In the bo - som of
3. Naught in the river the saints should appall, Tho' it fright-ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur-bid and on-rush-ing tide, Doth the light of e-



mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
Je - sus su - preme, In the mansions of glo - ry pre-
dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no
ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ransomed the dark-ness and



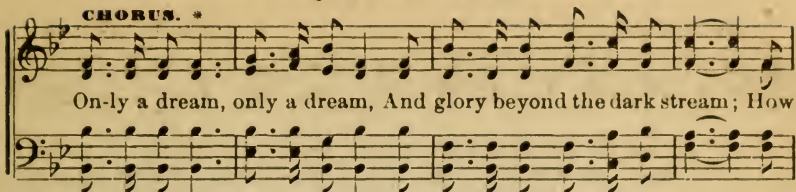
riv - er of death, And yet 't is no more than a dream.
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be-fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.



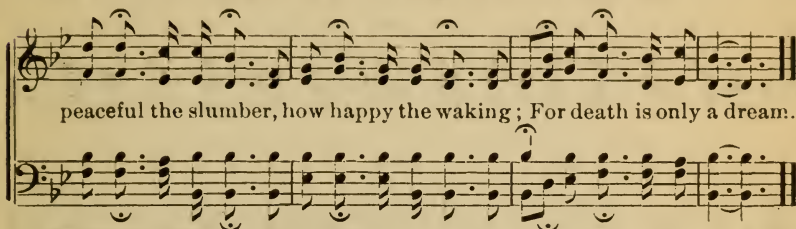
Hymn used by per. Barbee & Smith. Music used by per. H. A. R. HORTON.

Death is Only a Dream. Concluded.

CHORUS. *



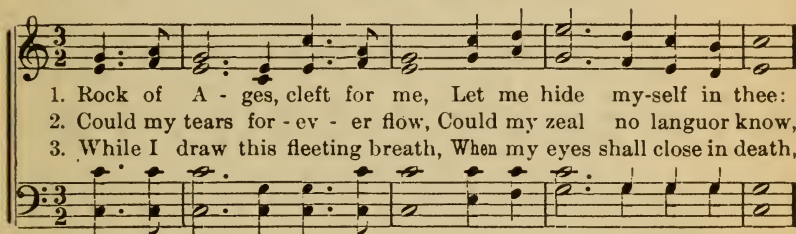
On-ly a dream, only a dream, And glory beyond the dark stream; How



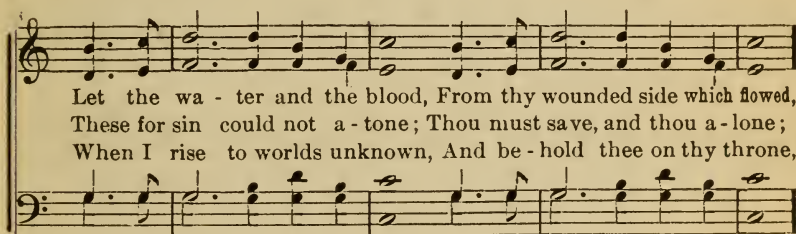
peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is only a dream.

* Words of chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

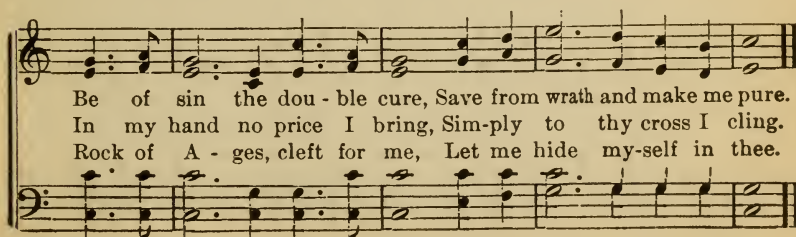
No. 29. Rock of Ages. 7s, 6 lines.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee:
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a-lone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne,



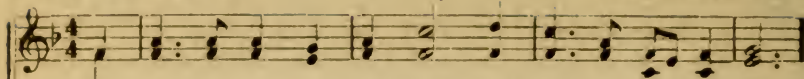
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

No. 30.

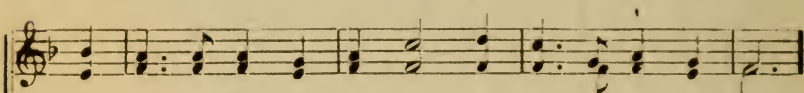
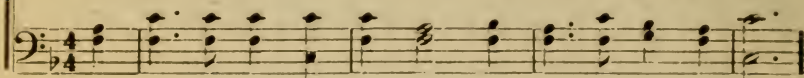
Look Up.

JAMES L. ELDERDICK.

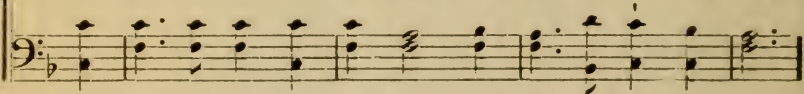
CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



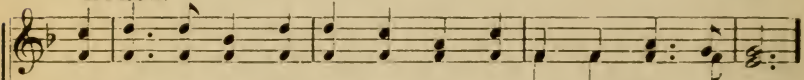
1. Be - yond the gloom is glo - ry, Be - yond the cross a crown;
 2. We need to rise up high - er, A - bove the clouds and night,
 3. First sow - ing, then the reap - ing, We pass thro' death to life;
 4. 'Tis earth to - day, to - mor - row 'Tis heav - en, pure and fair,



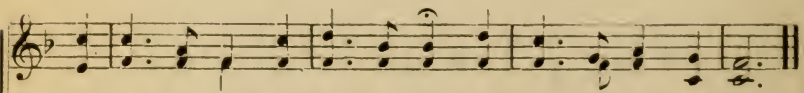
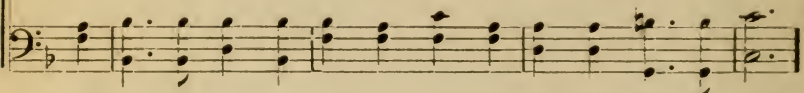
Not half so sad life's sto - ry, Did we look up not down.
 To feel that heav'n is nigh - er, To see e - ter - nal light.
 Comes gladness aft - er weep - ing, And rest - ing aft - er strife.
 To sing - ing turn thy sor - row, And in - to praise thy pray'r.



CHORUS.



In - stead of death there's life for thee, In - stead of cross a crown;



But if you'd claim the gift di - vine, Look up, O soul, not down.



No. 31.

I Am Redeemed.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. My heart is a fountain of joy to-day; For Jesus has washed all my
 2. I never had tho't such a peace to know, But Jesus has washed me as
 3. And so I have foretaste of heav'n within, For Jesus has saved me from

sins a - way, Yes, Je - sus has washed all my sins a - way, And
 white as snow, Yes, Je - sus has washed me as white as snow, And
 all my sin, Yes, Je - sus has saved me from all my sin, And

REFRAIN.

I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am re-deemed,
 I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am re-deemed,
 I am redeemed. And I am redeemed, Yes, I am re-deemed,

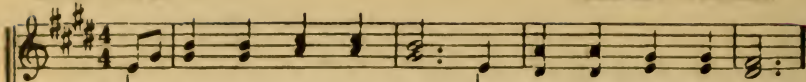
For Je-sus has washed all my sins a - way, And I am re-deemed.
 For Je-sus has washed me as white as snow, And I am re-deemed.
 For Je-sus has saved me from all my sin, And I am re-deemed.

No. 32.

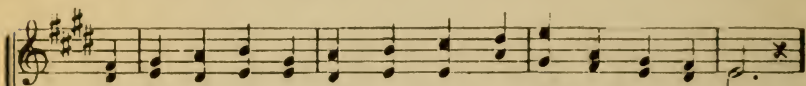
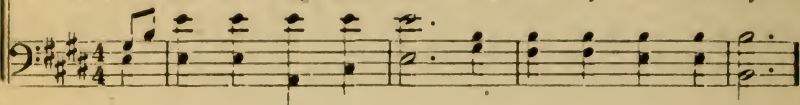
Lovely is Zion.

L. AG WATTS.

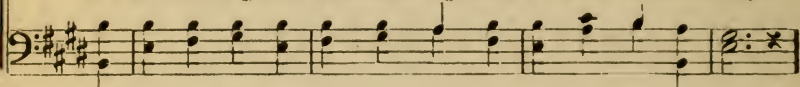
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



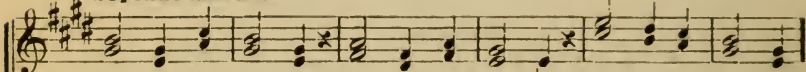
1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;
3. The men of grace have found Glo-ry be-gun be-low;
4. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets,
5. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry;



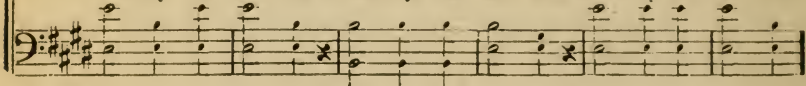
Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne.
 But children of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a-broad.
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.
 Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.



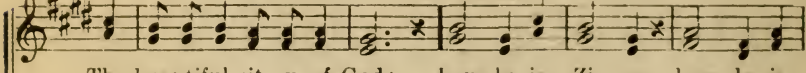
Soprano and Alto.



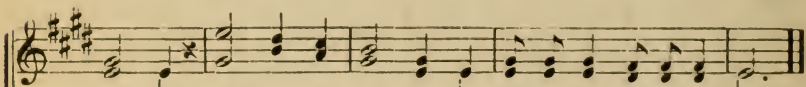
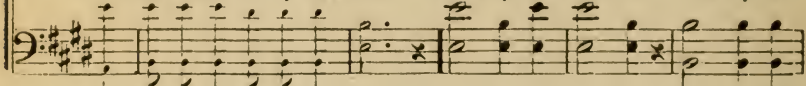
Love-ly is Zi-on, love-ly is Zi-on, love-ly is Zi-on,



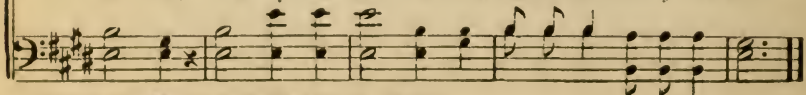
All voices.



The beautiful cit-y of God; Love-ly is Zi-on, love-ly is



Zi-on, love-ly is Zi-on, The beauti-ful cit-y of God.



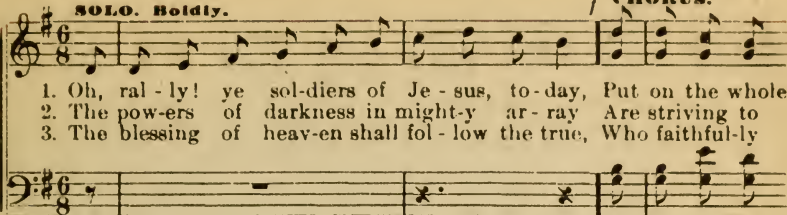
No. 33. Rally! Ye Soldiers of Jesus!

L. R. M.

L. R. MITCHELL.

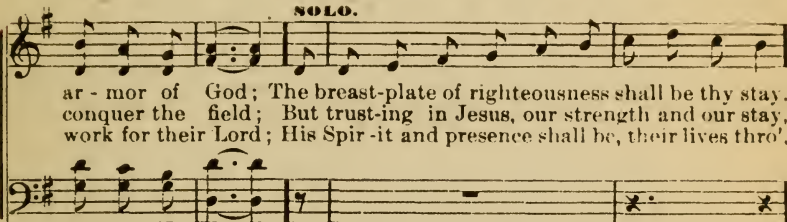
SOLO. Boldly.

CHORUS.



1. Oh, ral-ly! ye sol-diers of Je-sus, to-day, Put on the whole
 2. The pow-ers of dark-ness in might-y ar-ray Are striving to
 3. The blessing of heav-en shall fol-low the true, Who faithful-ly

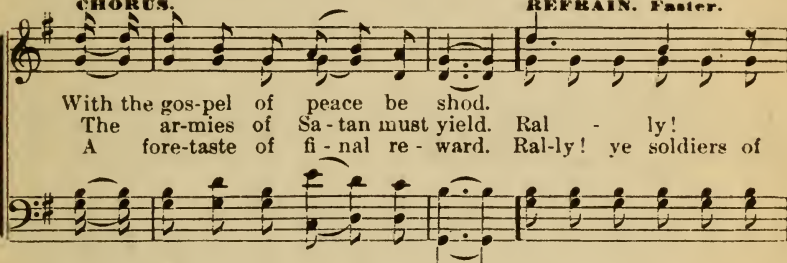
SOLO.



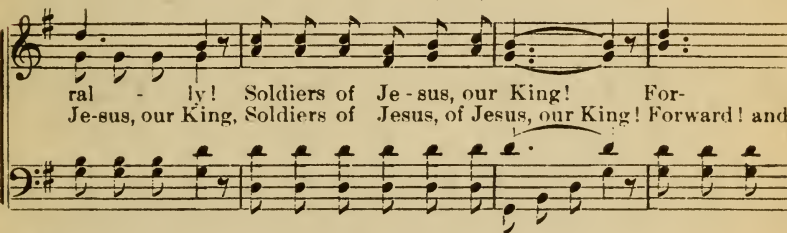
ar-mor of God; The breast-plate of righteousness shall be thy stay.
 conquer the field; But trust-ing in Jesus, our strength and our stay,
 work for their Lord; His Spir-it and presence shall be, their lives thro',

CHORUS.

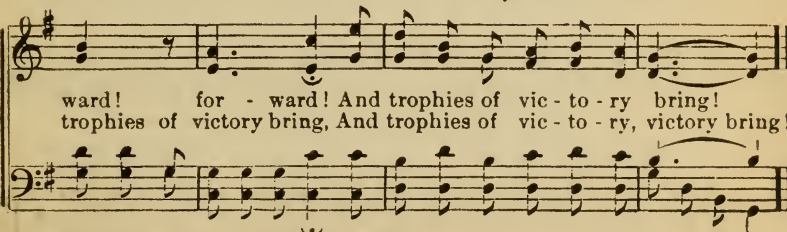
REFRAIN. Faster.



With the gos-pel of peace be shod.
 The ar-mies of Sa-tan must yield. Ral-ly!
 A fore-taste of fi-nal re-ward. Ral-ly! ye soldiers of



ral-ly! Soldiers of Je-sus, our King! For-
 Je-sus, our King, Soldiers of Jesus, of Jesus, our King! Forward! and



ward! for-ward! And trophies of vic-to-ry bring!
 trophies of victory bring, And trophies of vic-to-ry, victory bring!

No. 34. Come, Blessed Saviour.

C. C. ARMSTRONG.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come, oh, come, my blessed Saviour, Fill the chambers of my soul,
 2. When I bow my knee be-fore thee, Lord, oh, hear me while I pray,
 3. When I sleep, oh, be thou near me, Let thy wings be o'er me spread,
 4. When in grief's dark door I'm standing, Come and cheer me with thy love,
 5. When I stand by death's dark river, Which my soul has dreaded long,

Let me feel thy mer - cy ev - er Thro' my heart unceas-ing roll.
 Let thy ten-der love within me, Draw me close to thee al - way.
 With thine ever - last - ing mer - cy "Cov-er my defenceless head."
 When to earth my heart is bend-ing, Lift and fix my tho'ts a-bove.
 Take me, then, my bless-ed Saviour, "To the summer land of song."

CHORUS.

Come, my lov-ing Sav - iour, Fill . . my
 Come, yes, come, come, oh, lov-ing Sav-iour, Fill my soul,

soul with peace and joy, May I feel thy pres-ence
 fill with peace and joy, May I feel

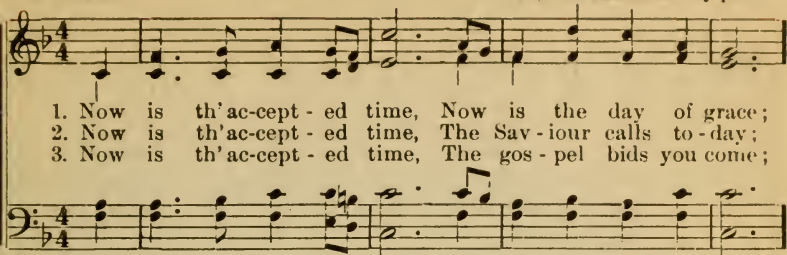
ev - er— Love abound without al - loy.
 feel thy presence ever— without al-loiy.

No. 35.

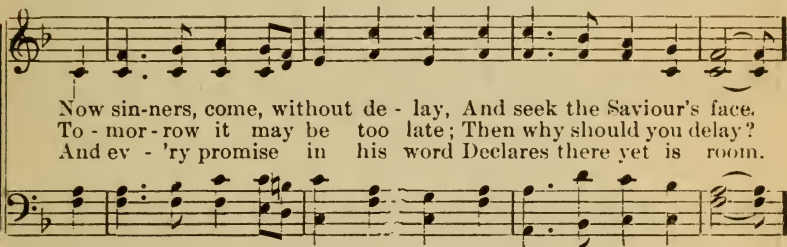
He Calls To-day.

J. DOBELL.

J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

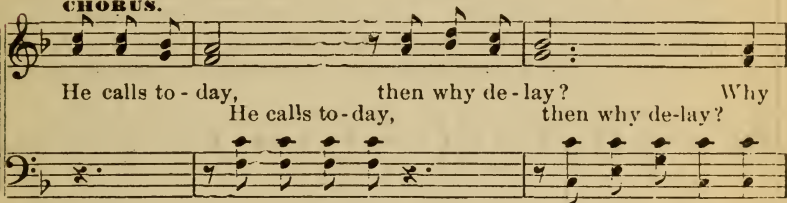


1. Now is th'ac-cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;
 2. Now is th'ac-cept - ed time, The Sav-iour calls to-day;
 3. Now is th'ac-cept - ed time, The gos-pel bids you come;

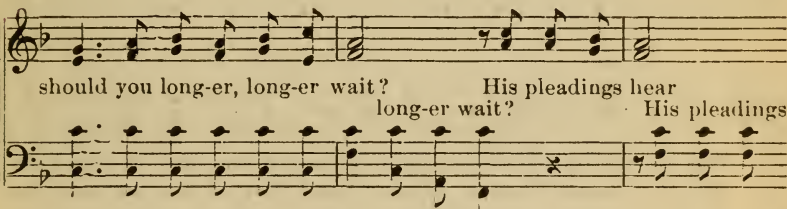


Now sin-ners, come, without de-lay, And seek the Saviour's face.
 To-mor-row it may be too late; Then why should you delay?
 And ev-ry promise in his word Declares there yet is room.

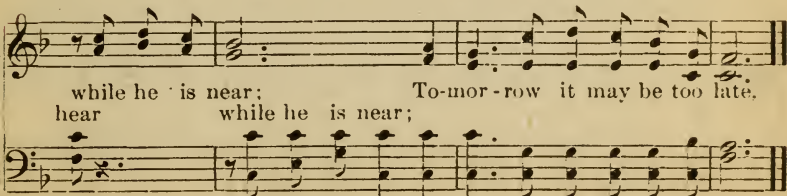
CHORUS.



He calls to-day, then why de-lay? Why
 He calls to-day, then why de-lay?



should you long-er, long-er wait? His pleadings hear
 long-er wait? His pleadings



while he is near; To-mor-row it may be too late.
 hear while he is near;

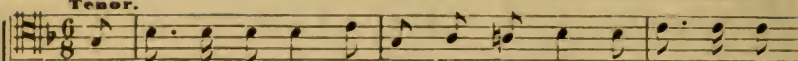
No. 36.

This Night.

TENOR AND SOPRANO DUET.

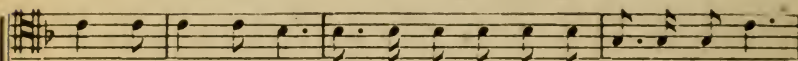
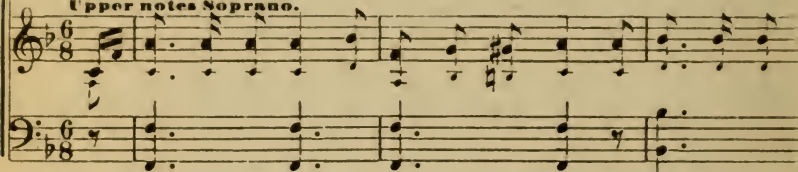
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

Tenor.

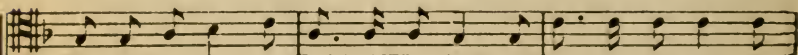


1. Oh, cov - e - tous soul, who car - est for naught Save heaping up
 2. Thou lov - er of pleas - ure more than of God, Sail - ing so
 3. Ah! fool - ish and fair one, gid - dy and frail, Tempting and
 4. And thou who hast heard the gos - pel so oft, Care - less, in -

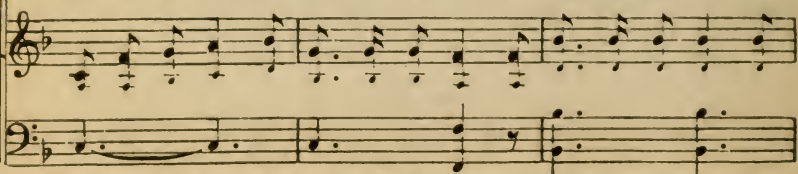
Upper notes Soprano.



wealth, a gold - en store, Filled are the storehouses, filled are the barns.
 gaily down the broad stream, Leading thee straight to the bottomless pit,
 tempted, hope hast thou none, Steeped in sin's depths, without Christ, without God,
 diff'rent, trifling with grace, Hardening thy heart against measureless love,



Plen - ty thou hast, thou needest no more; Lo, sud - den - ly comes the
 Wake! oh, awake from thy frivolous dream. What if to thee came the
 Think thee in time, while heav'n may be won, Pause ere to thee comes the
 Heed, lest in hell thou find - est a place, Heed, lest to thee comes the



This Night. Concluded.

summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!" Lo, suddenly
summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!" What if to thee
summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!" Pause ere to thee
summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!" Heed, lest to thee

comes the summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!"
came the summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!"
comes the summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!"
comes the summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!"

No. 37.

Praise God.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

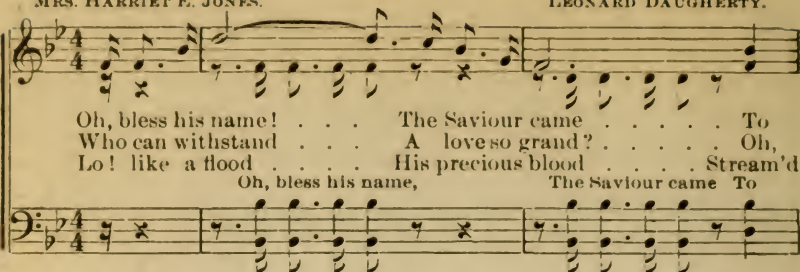
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

No. 38.

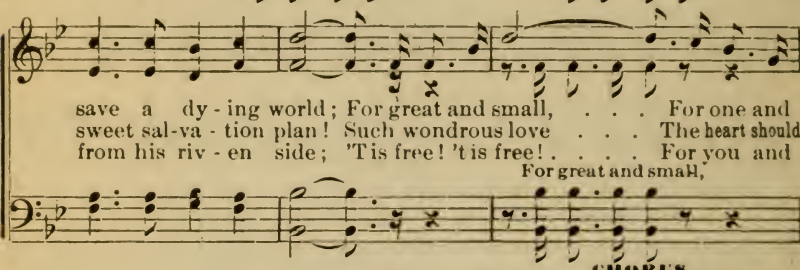
For You He Died.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

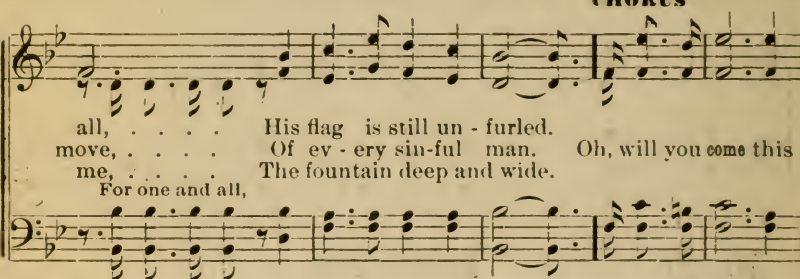


Oh, bless his name! . . . The Saviour came . . . To
 Who can withstand . . . A love so grand? . . . Oh,
 Lo! like a flood . . . His precious blood . . . Stream'd
 Oh, bless his name, The Saviour came To

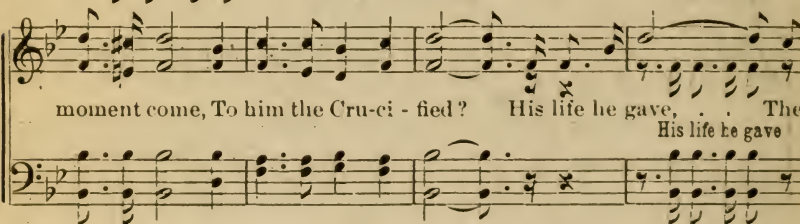


save a dy - ing world; For great and small, . . . For one and
 sweet sal - va - tion plan! Such wondrous love . . . The heart should
 from his riv - en side; 'Tis free! 'tis free! . . . For you and
 For great and small,

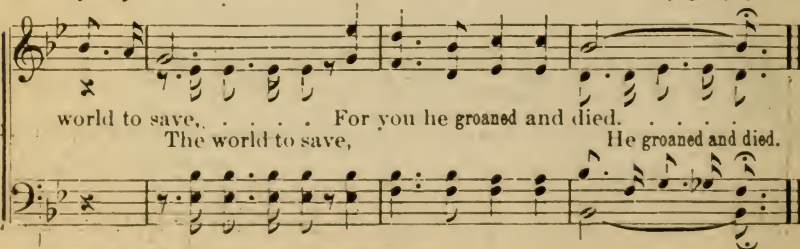
CHORUS



all, . . . His flag is still un - furled.
 move, . . . Of ev - ery sin - ful man. Oh, will you come this
 me, The fountain deep and wide.
 For one and all,



moment come, To him the Cru - ci - fied? His life he gave, . . . The
 His life he gave



world to save, . . . For you he groaned and died.
 The world to save, He groaned and died.

No. 39. Where the Shepherd Leads.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE. By per.

Duet **All**

1. Tho' the meadows green, in-vit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 2. See the gen-tle Shepherd leading, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

Duet **All**

Tho' the shadows dark, ex-cit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 Hark! his voice in mer-cy pleading, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 Tho' the mountain side be drear-y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

Chorus

Hark! his voice is gen - tly call - ing; On my ear its

strains are falling, Tho' the gloom may be ap-pall-ing. Where the Shepherd

leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

No. 40.

Army of the Lord.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

1. O soul, look up, and thou shalt see, Marching 'neath the
 2. A might - y song of praise they sing, Marching 'neath the
 3. Now join, my soul, the might - y song, Marching 'neath the

ban - ner of the cross, A might - y ar - my, glad and free,
 ban - ner of the cross, Thro' all the world its ech - oes ring,
 ban - ner of the cross, Oh, swell his prais - es loud and long.

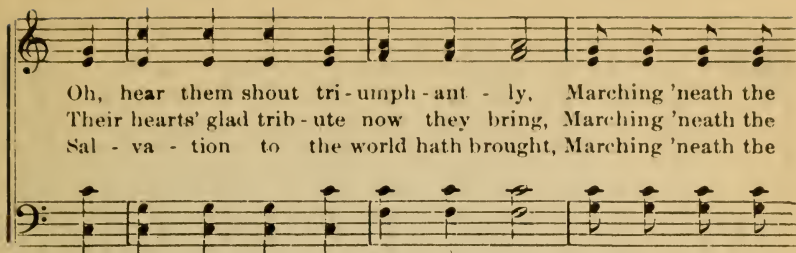
Marching 'neath the banner of the cross. With sword and hel - met
 Marching 'neath the banner of the cross. To Je - sus Christ who
 Marching 'neath the banner of the cross. See what the Lord hath

bright, Glad weap - ons for the fight,
 died, The Lamb once cru - ci - fied,
 wrought, Thy par - don he hath bought,

hel - met bright, the fight,
 died, who died, cru - ci - fied,
 wrought, hath wrought, hath bought,

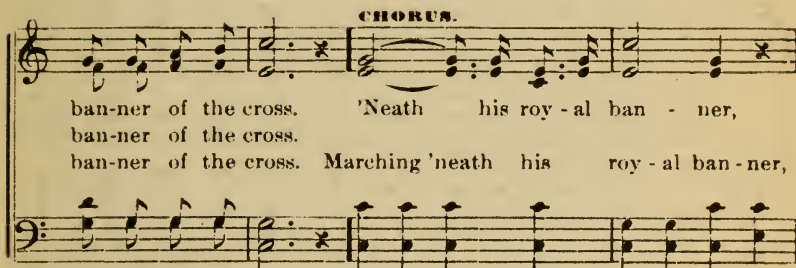
By per. of W. A. Ogden, Owner of Copyright.

Army of the Lord. Concluded.

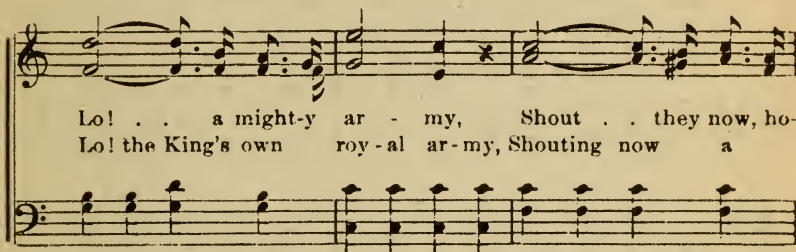


Oh, hear them shout tri-umph-ant - ly, Marching 'neath the
 Their hearts' glad trib-ute now they bring, Marching 'neath the
 Sal - va - tion to the world hath brought, Marching 'neath the

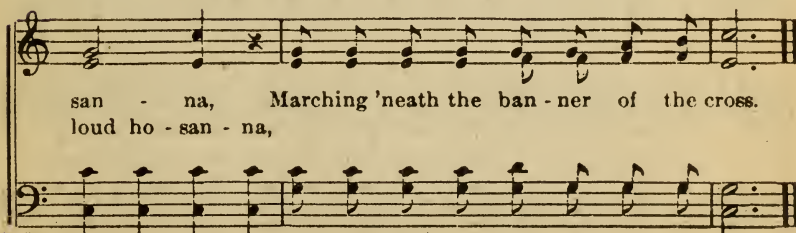
CHORUS.



ban-ner of the cross. 'Neath his roy - al ban - ner,
 ban-ner of the cross.
 ban-ner of the cross. Marching 'neath his roy - al ban - ner,



Lo! . . a might-y ar - my, Shout . . they now, ho-
 Lo! the King's own roy - al ar-my, Shouting now a

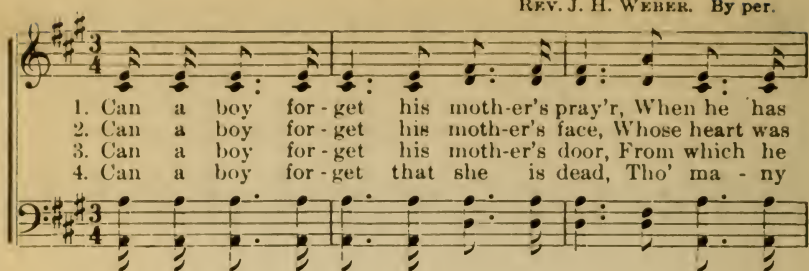


san - na, Marching 'neath the ban - ner of the cross.
 loud ho - san - na,

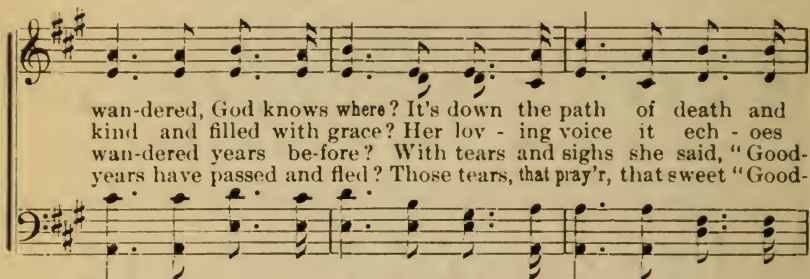
No. 41. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

Dedicated to my friend Mrs. R. G. CHANDLER, Coldwater, Mich.

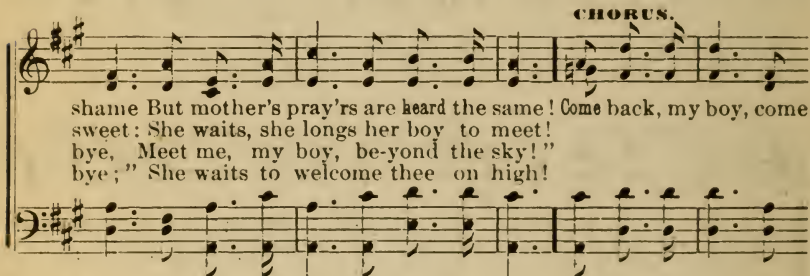
REV. J. H. WEBER. By per.



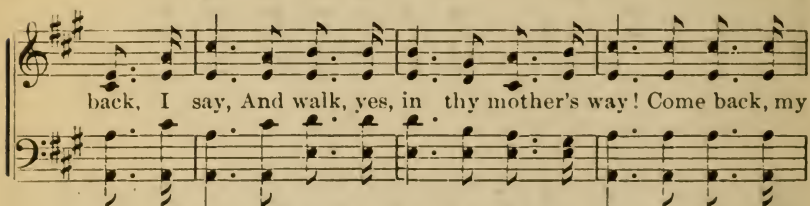
1. Can a boy for-get his moth-er's pray'r, When he has
2. Can a boy for-get his moth-er's face, Whose heart was
3. Can a boy for-get his moth-er's door, From which he
4. Can a boy for-get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny



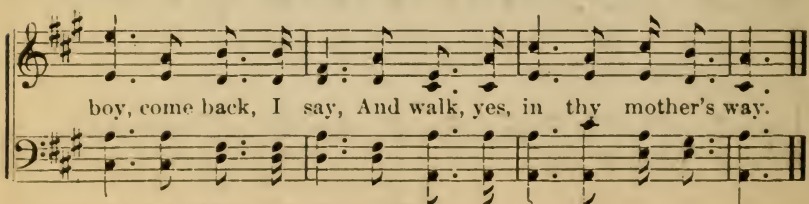
wan-dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
wan-dered years be-fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-
years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "Good-



CHORUS.
shame But mother's pray'rs are heard the same! Come back, my boy, come
sweet: She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
bye, Meet me, my boy, be-yond the sky!"
bye," She waits to welcome thee on high!



back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way! Come back, my

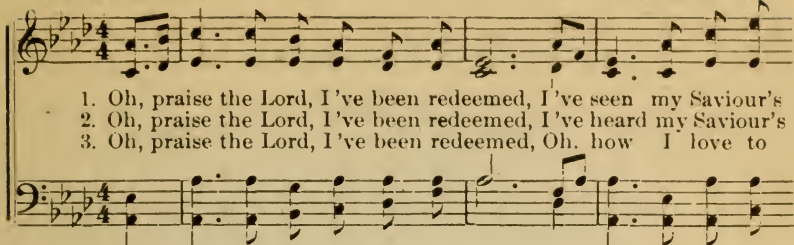


boy, come back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way.

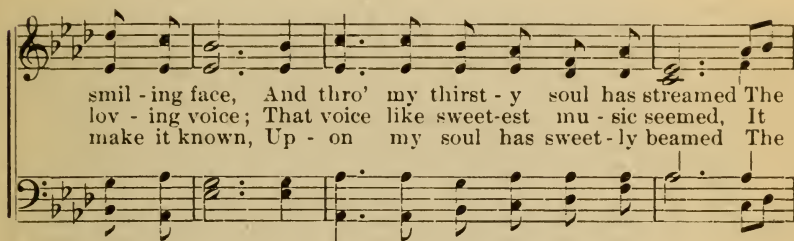
No. 42. I'm Now a Child of God.

HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

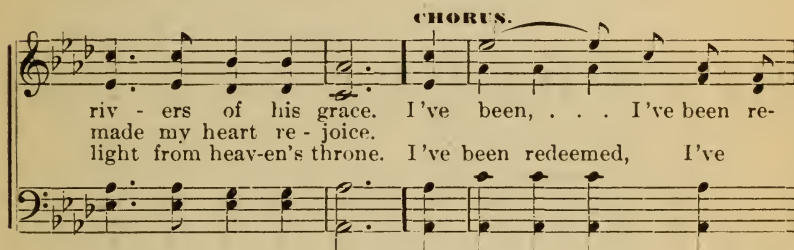


1. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, I've seen my Saviour's
 2. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, I've heard my Saviour's
 3. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, Oh, how I love to

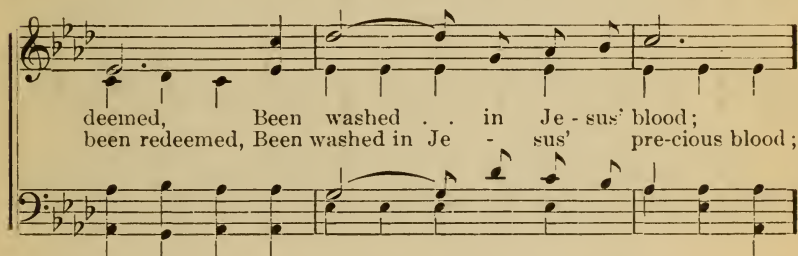


smil - ing face, And thro' my thirst - y soul has streamed The
 lov - ing voice; That voice like sweet - est mu - sic seemed, It
 make it known, Up - on my soul has sweet - ly beamed The

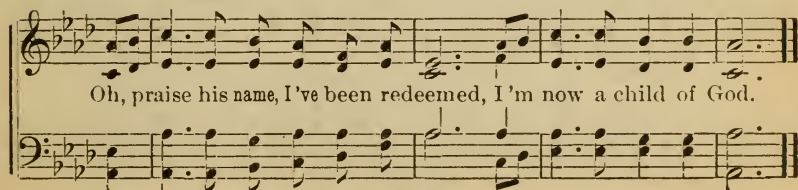
CHORUS.



riv - ers of his grace. I've been, . . . I've been re-
 made my heart re - joice.
 light from heav-en's throne. I've been redeemed, I've



deemed, Been washed . . . in Je - sus' blood;
 been redeemed, Been washed in Je - sus' pre-cious blood;



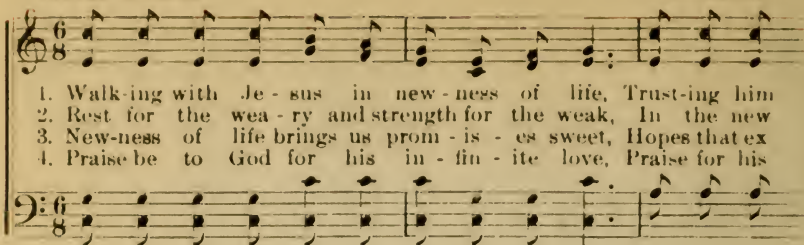
Oh, praise his name, I've been redeemed, I'm now a child of God.

No. 43.

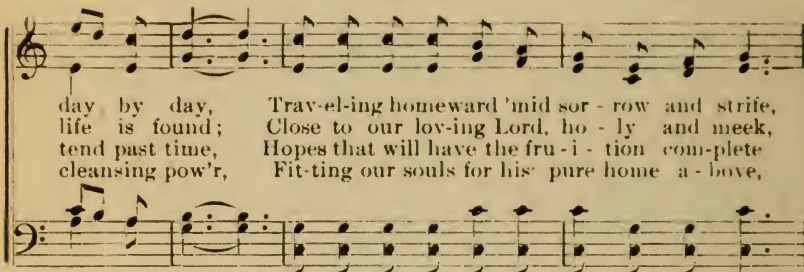
In Newness of Life.

JENNIE WILSON.

D. E. DORTCH.

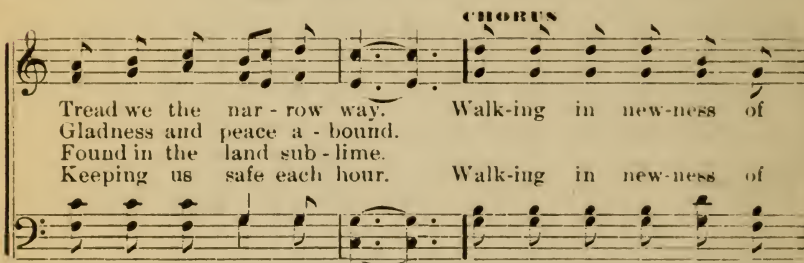


1. Walk-ing with Je - sus in new - ness of life, Trust-ing him
 2. Rest for the wea - ry and strength for the weak, In the new
 3. New-ness of life brings us prom - is - es sweet, Hopes that ex
 4. Praise be to God for his in - fin - ite love, Praise for his

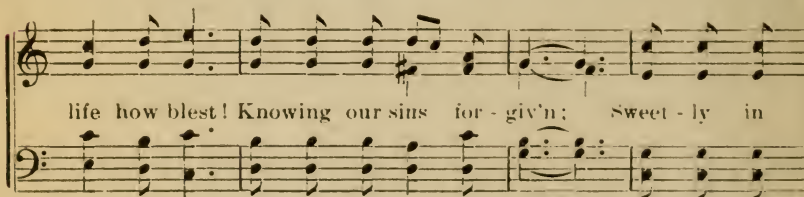


day by day, Trav-el-ing homeward 'mid sor - row and strife,
 life is found; Close to our lov-ing Lord, ho - ly and meek,
 tend past time, Hopes that will have the fru - i - tion com-plete
 cleansing pow'r, Fit-ting our souls for his' pure home a - bove,

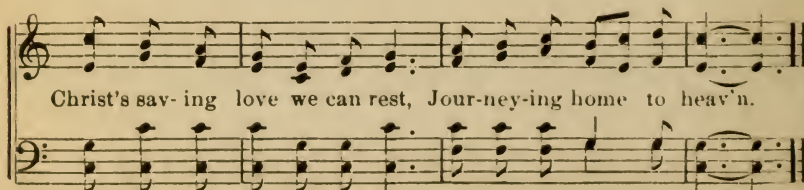
CHORUS



Tread we the nar - row way. Walk-ing in new-ness of
 Gladness and peace a - bound.
 Found in the land sub-lime.
 Keeping us safe each hour. Walk-ing in new-ness of



life how blest! Knowing our sins for - giv'n; Sweet - ly in



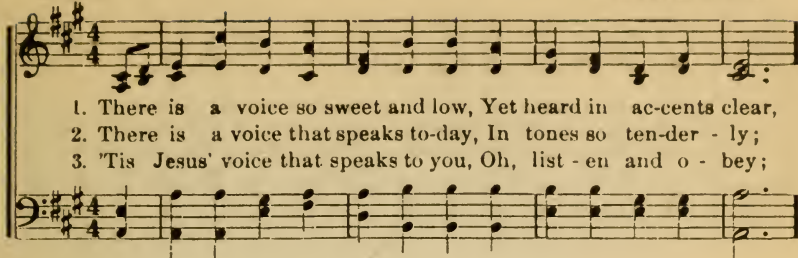
Christ's sav-ing love we can rest, Jour-ney-ing home to heav'n.

No. 44.

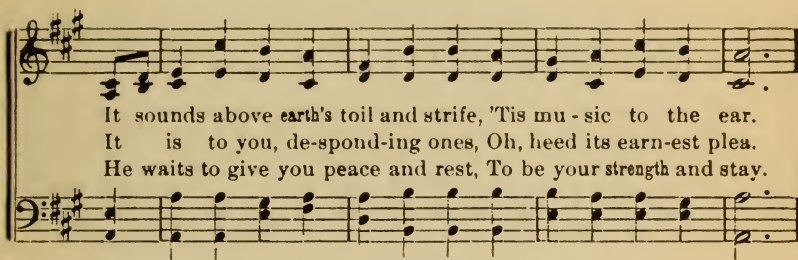
There is a Voice.

F. M. D.

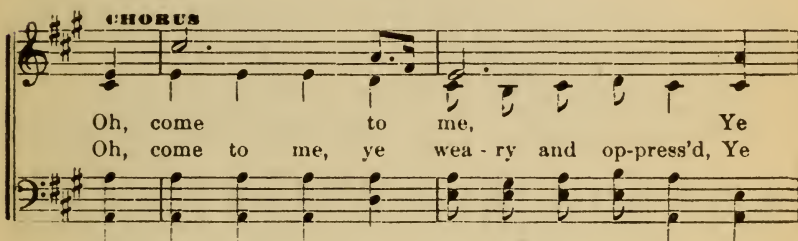
FRANK M. DAVIS.



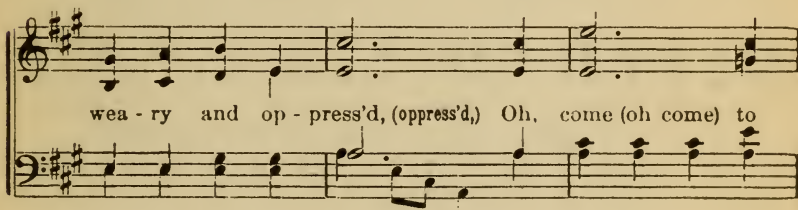
1. There is a voice so sweet and low, Yet heard in ac-cents clear,
 2. There is a voice that speaks to-day, In tones so ten-der - ly;
 3. 'Tis Jesus' voice that speaks to you, Oh, list - en and o - bey;



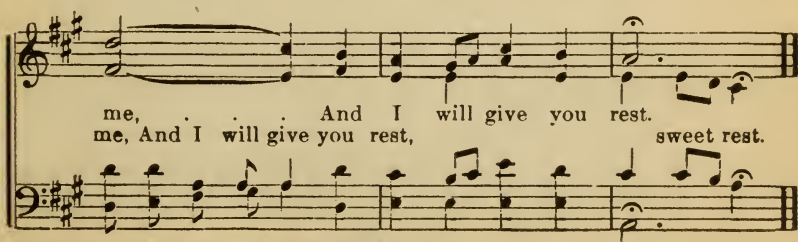
It sounds above earth's toil and strife, 'Tis mu-sic to the ear.
 It is to you, de-spond-ing ones, Oh, heed its earn-est plea.
 He waits to give you peace and rest, To be your strength and stay.



CHORUS
 Oh, come to me, Ye
 Oh, come to me, ye wea-ry and op-press'd, Ye



wea-ry and op - press'd, (oppress'd,) Oh, come (oh come) to




me, And I will give you rest.
 me, And I will give you rest, sweet rest.


No. 45. The Hollow of God's Hand.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

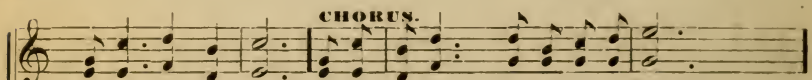


1. I am safe, whatev - er may be - tide me; I am safe, who - ev - er
 2. What tho' fierce the stormy blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's trials
 3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the voice di -

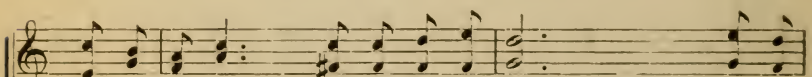


may de - ride me; I am safe, as long as I con - fide me In the
 oft confound me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me In the
 vine has told me; I am safe, while God himself doth hold me In the

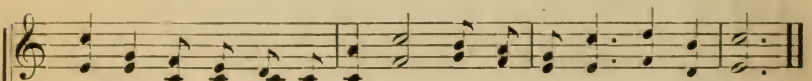
CHORUS.



hollow of God's hand. In the hollow, hollow of his hand!
 hollow of God's hand.
 hollow of his hand. In the hollow, in the hollow of his hand,



In the hol - low, hol - low of his hand! I am
 In the hol - low in the hol - low of his hand,

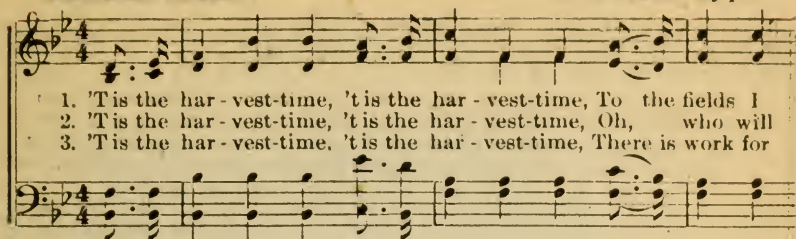


safe, while God himself doth hold me In the hol - low of his hand.

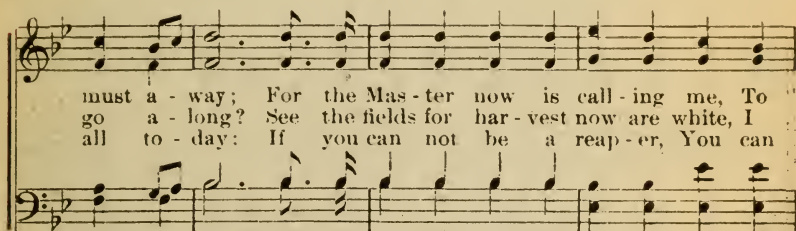
No. 46. 'Tis the Harvest-Time.

ALEXANDER THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

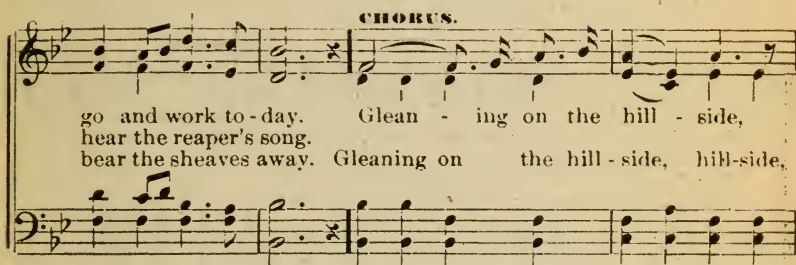


1. 'Tis the har-vest-time, 'tis the har-vest-time, To the fields I
 2. 'Tis the har-vest-time, 'tis the har-vest-time, Oh, who will
 3. 'Tis the har-vest-time, 'tis the har-vest-time, There is work for

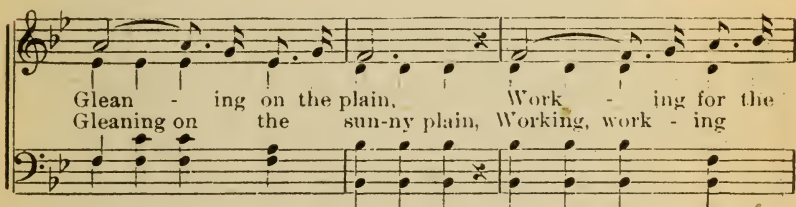


must a-way; For the Mas-ter now is call-ing me, To
 go a-long? See the fields for har-vest now are white, I
 all to-day: If you can not be a reap-er, You can

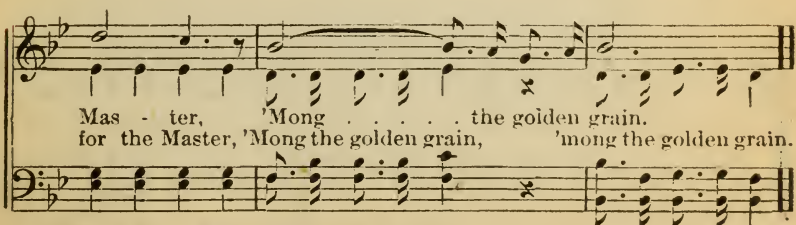
CHORUS.



go and work to-day. Glean-ing on the hill-side,
 hear the reaper's song.
 bear the sheaves away. Gleaning on the hill-side, hill-side,



Glean-ing on the plain, Work-ing for the
 Gleaning on the sun-ny plain, Working, work-ing



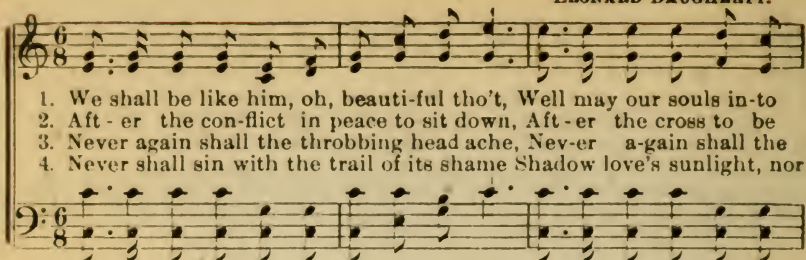
Mas-ter, 'Mong the golden grain.
 for the Master, 'Mong the golden grain, 'mong the golden grain.

By per. of W. A. Ogden, Owner of Copyright.

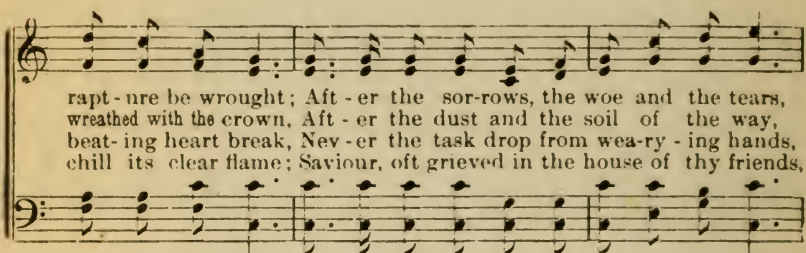
No. 47.

Beautiful Thought.

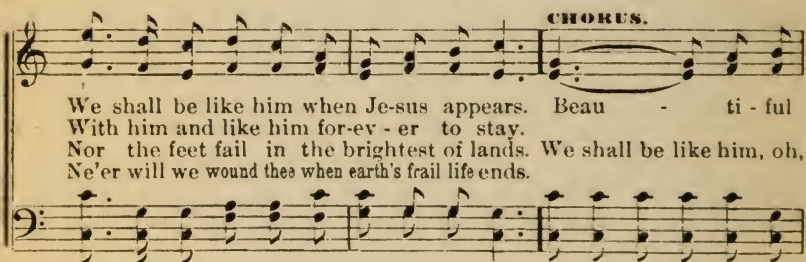
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



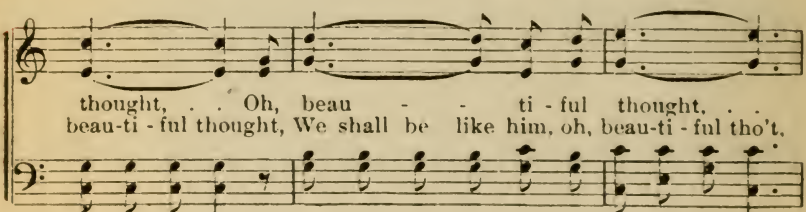
1. We shall be like him, oh, beautiful tho't, Well may our souls in-to
 2. Aft - er the con-flict in peace to sit down, Aft - er the cross to be
 3. Never again shall the throbbing head ache, Nev-er a-gain shall the
 4. Never shall sin with the trail of its shame Shadow love's sunlight, nor



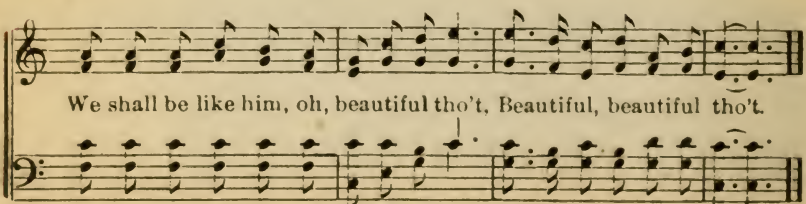
rapt - ure be wrought; Aft - er the sor - rows, the woe and the tears,
 wreathed with the crown, Aft - er the dust and the soil of the way,
 beat - ing heart break, Nev - er the task drop from wea - ry - ing hands,
 chill its clear flame; Saviour, oft grieved in the house of thy friends,



CHORUS.
 We shall be like him when Je - sus appears. Beau - ti - ful
 With him and like him for - ev - er to stay.
 Nor the feet fail in the brightest of lands. We shall be like him, oh,
 Ne'er will we wound thee when earth's frail life ends.



thought, . . . Oh, beau - ti - ful thought, . . .
 beau - ti - ful thought, We shall be like him, oh, beau - ti - ful tho't.

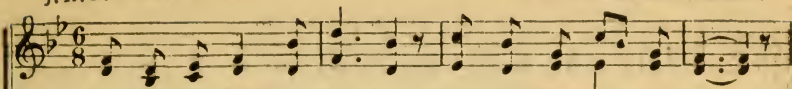


We shall be like him, oh, beautiful tho't, Beautiful, beautiful tho't.

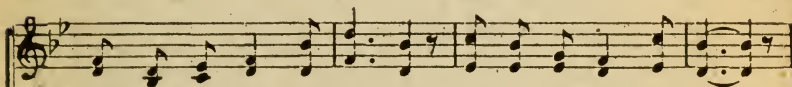
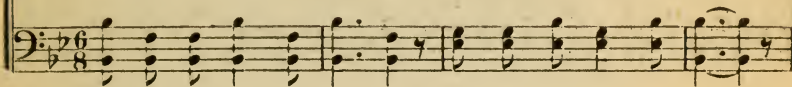
No. 48. The Flowing Fountain.

J. H. R.

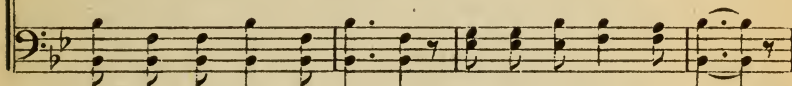
J. H. ROSECRANS By per.



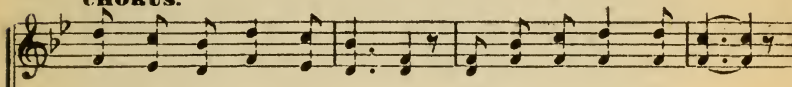
1. Fountain of love is flow-ing, Fountain of love for me;
2. Fountain of joy is flow-ing, Fountain of joy for me;
3. Fountain of peace is flow-ing, Fountain of peace for me;



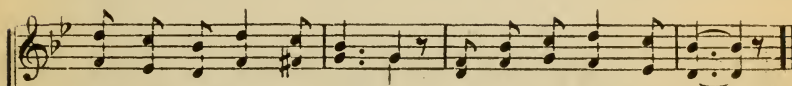
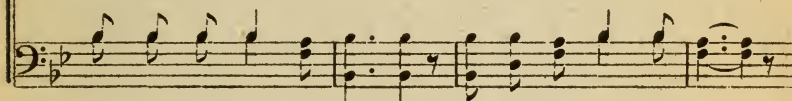
Stream ev - er pure and ho - ly—Fountain of love for thee.
Pleas - ure un - told is giv - en—Fountain of joy for thee.
Grant - ing a dai - ly bless - ing—Fountain of peace for thee.



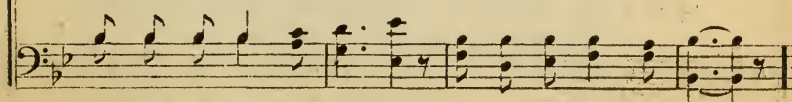
CHORUS.



Drink of the flow - ing fountain, Fountain of life so free!



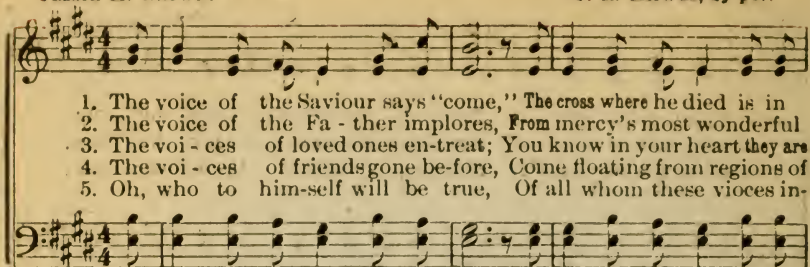
Drink of the stream o'er-flowing—Flowing for you and me."



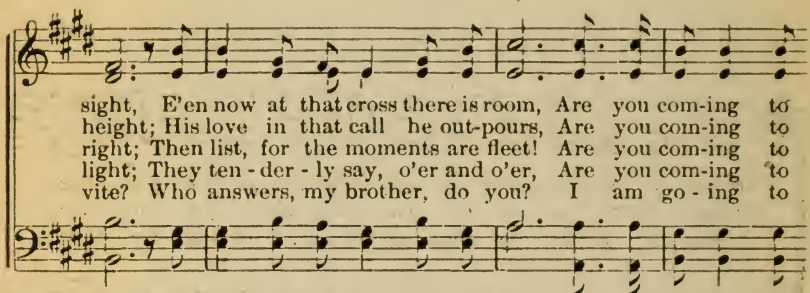
No. 49. Are You Coming to Jesus?

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. E. HAWES, by per.

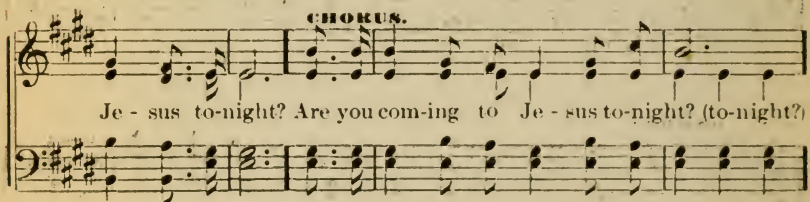


1. The voice of the Saviour says "come," The cross where he died is in
 2. The voice of the Fa - ther implores, From mercy's most wonderful
 3. The voi - ces of loved ones en-treat; You know in your heart they are
 4. The voi - ces of friends gone be-fore, Come floating from regions of
 5. Oh, who to him-self will be true, Of all whom these voices in-

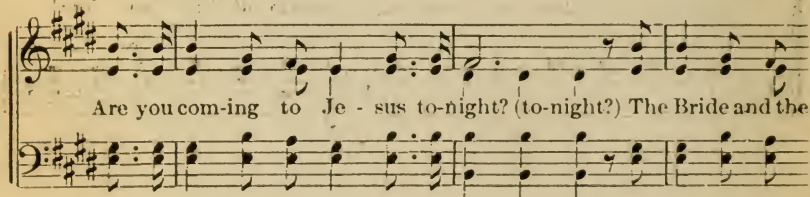


sight, E'en now at that cross there is room, Are you com-ing to
 height; His love in that call he out-pours, Are you com-ing to
 right; Then list, for the moments are fleet! Are you com-ing to
 light; They ten - der - ly say, o'er and o'er, Are you com-ing to
 vite? Who answers, my brother, do you? I am go - ing to

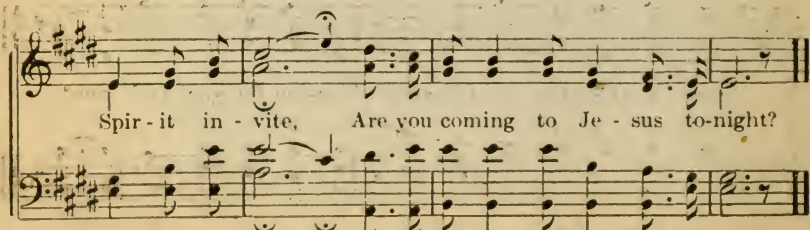
CHORUS.



Je - sus to-night? Are you com-ing to Je - sus to-night? (to-night?)



Are you com-ing to Je - sus to-night? (to-night?) The Bride and the

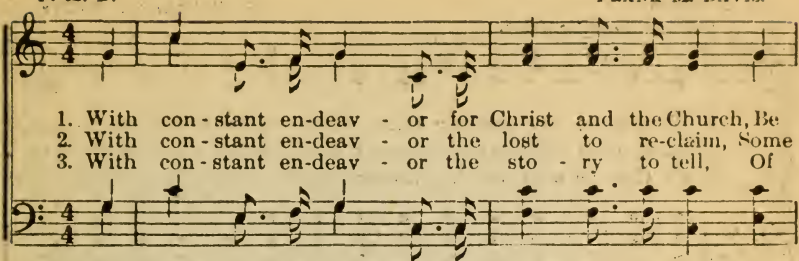


Spir - it in - vite, Are you coming to Je - sus to-night?

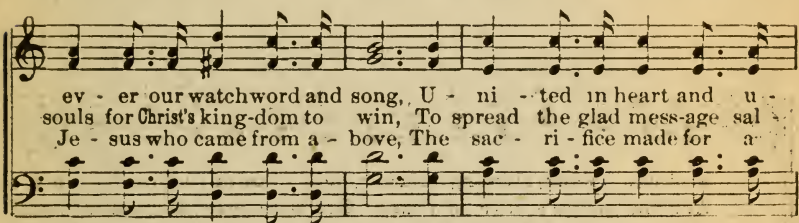
No. 50. With Constant Endeavor.

F. M. D.

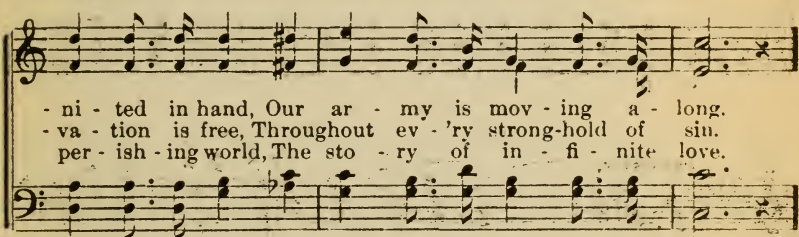
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. With con-stant en-deav - or for Christ and the Church, Be
 2. With con-stant en-deav - or the lost to re-claim, Some
 3. With con-stant en-deav - or the sto - ry to tell, Of

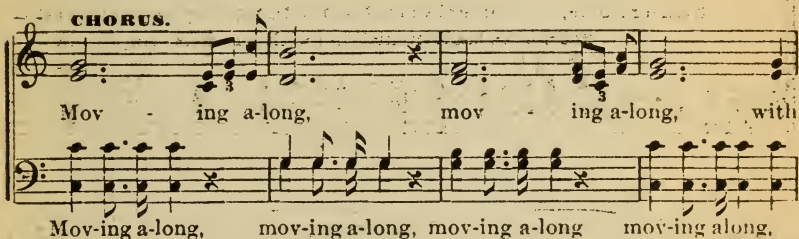


ev - er our watchword and song, U - ni - ted in heart and u -
 souls for Christ's king-dom to win, To spread the glad mess-age sal
 Je - sus who came from a - bove, The sac - ri - fice made for a

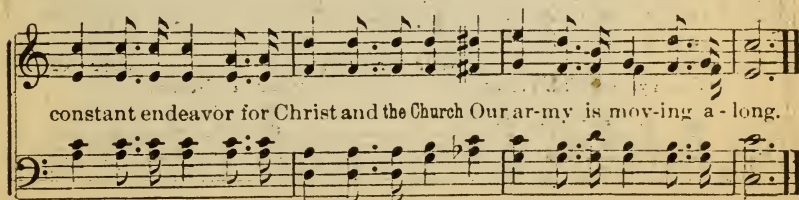


- ni - ted in hand, Our ar - my is mov - ing a - long.
 - va - tion is free, Throughout ev - 'ry strong-hold of sin.
 per - ish - ing world, The sto - ry of in - fi - nite love.

CHORUS.



Mov - ing a-long, mov - ing a-long, with
 Mov-ing a-long, mov-ing a-long, mov-ing a-long mov-ing along,



constant endeavor for Christ and the Church Our ar-my is mov-ing a - long.

No. 51. That Land of Love.

L. E. JONES.

S. W. STRAUB. By Per.

Slowly. may be duet.

1. We are dai - ly drawing near-er, To our heav'nly home a-bove,
 2. At the twi - light we are near-er, Than when day had just be - gun.
 3. To the one who ev - 'ry favour, Gives to those who trusting come,

And our vis-ion, growing clear-er, Sees by faith that land of love.
 And the Sav-ior's love is dear-er, Than when shone the noon day's sun.
 To our on - ly Lord and Sav-ior, Give the praise while nearing home.

CHORUS.

Near-er home, Nearer home, Soon with angels high in glo - ry we shall
 Nearer home, nearer home, Soon with an - gels high in

sing, Near - er home, near - er
 glo - ry we shall sing, Near - er home,

That Land of Love. Concluded.

home, Where the ran-som'd shout the praises of the King.
Where the ran - som'd shout the praises of the King.

No. 52.

Dennis. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds, Our hearts in
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual
4. Here we must oft ten part, In sor - row
5. This glo - rious hope re - vives, Our cour - age

Christ - ian love; The fel - low - ship of
ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our
bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each
and in pain; But we shall still be
by the way; While each in ex pec -

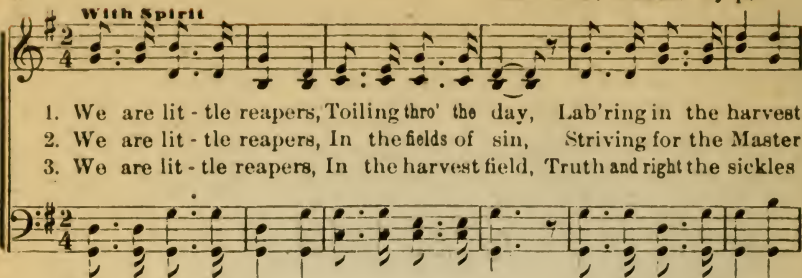
kin - dred minds is like to that a - bove.
aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares,
oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.

No. 53.

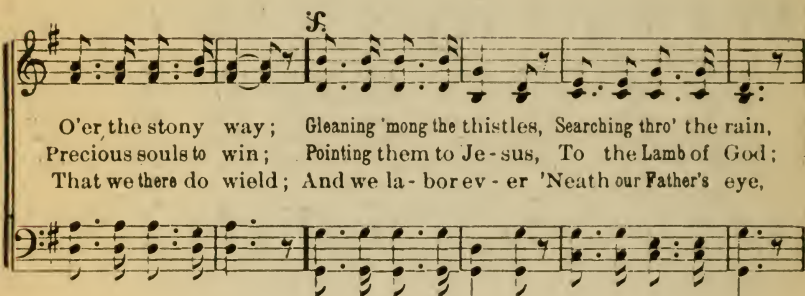
Little Reapers.

REV. J. H. WEBER. By per.

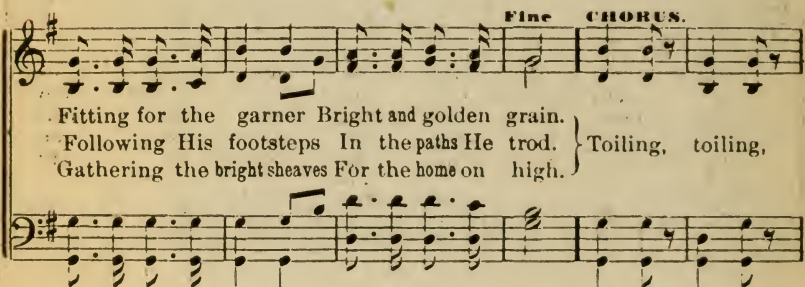
With Spirit



1. We are lit - tle reapers, Toiling thro' the day, Lab'ring in the harvest
 2. We are lit - tle reapers, In the fields of sin, Striving for the Master
 3. We are lit - tle reapers, In the harvest field, Truth and right the sickles

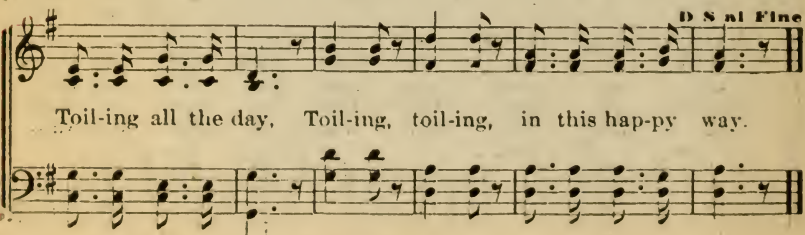


O'er the stony way; Gleaning 'mong the thistles, Searching thro' the rain,
 Precious souls to win; Pointing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God;
 That we there do wield; And we la - borev - er 'Neath our Father's eye,



Fine CHORUS.

Fitting for the garner Bright and golden grain.
 Following His footsteps In the paths He trod. } Toiling, toiling,
 Gathering the bright sheaves For the home on high.



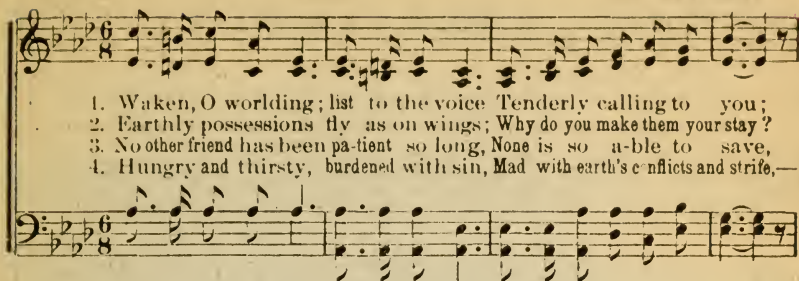
D S al Fine

Toil-ing all the day. Toil-ing, toil-ing, in this hap-py way.

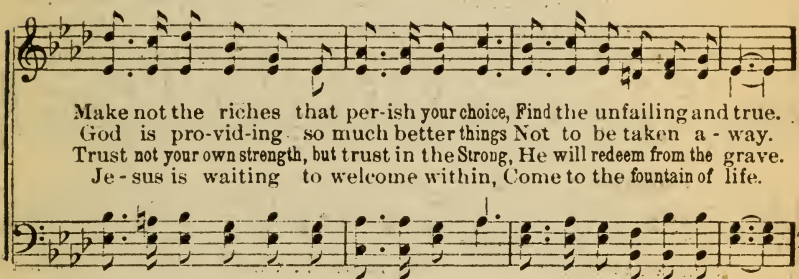
No. 54. For What Shall It Profit.

R. G. P.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

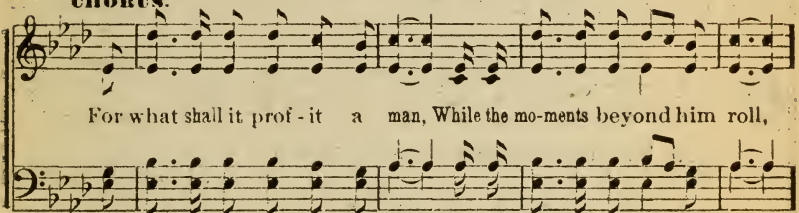


1. Waken, O worldling; list to the voice Tenderly calling to you;
 2. Earthly possessions fly as on wings; Why do you make them your stay?
 3. No other friend has been pa-tient so long, None is so a-ble to save,
 4. Hungry and thirsty, burdened with sin, Mad with earth's e-nflicts and strife,—

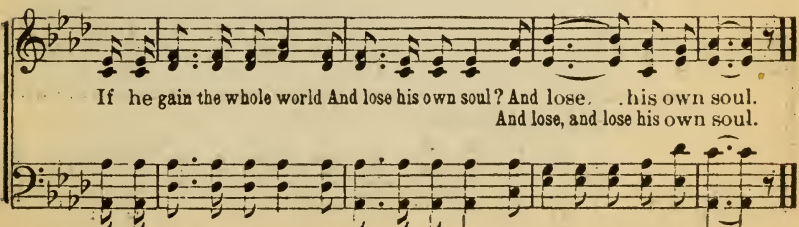


Make not the riches that per-ish your choice, Find the unfailing and true.
 God is pro-vid-ing so much better things Not to be taken a-way.
 Trust not your own strength, but trust in the Strong, He will redeem from the grave.
 Je-sus is waiting to welcome within, Come to the fountain of life.

CHORUS.



For what shall it prof-it a man, While the mo-ments beyond him roll,

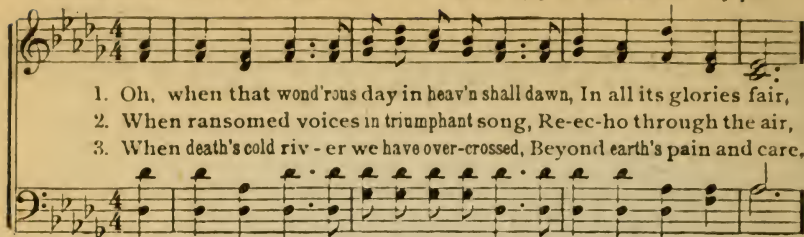


If he gain the whole world And lose his own soul? And lose... his own soul.
 And lose, and lose his own soul.

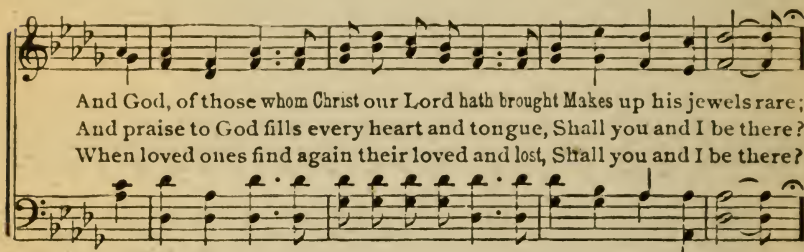
No. 55. Shall We be There?

Words by Mrs. L. M. B. BATHMAN.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

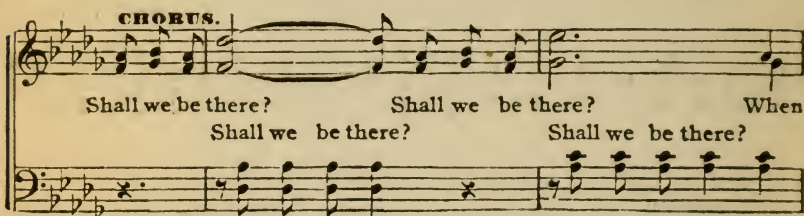


1. Oh, when that wond'rous day in heav'n shall dawn, In all its glories fair,
 2. When ransomed voices in triumphant song, Re-ec-ho through the air,
 3. When death's cold riv - er we have over-crossed, Beyond earth's pain and care,

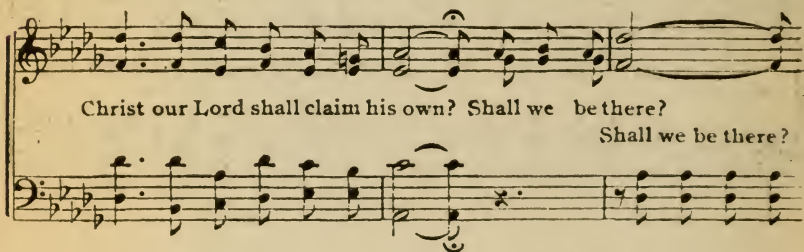


And God, of those whom Christ our Lord hath brought Makes up his jewels rare;
 And praise to God fills every heart and tongue, Shall you and I be there?
 When loved ones find again their loved and lost, Shall you and I be there?

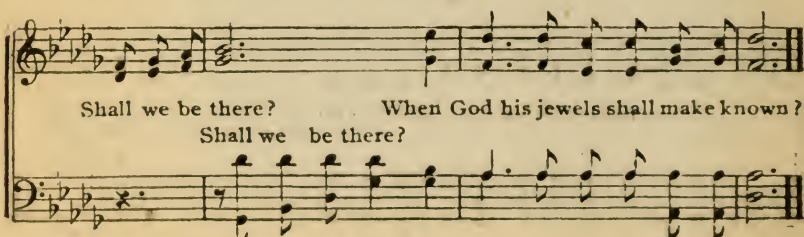
CHORUS.



Shall we be there? Shall we be there? When
 Shall we be there? Shall we be there?



Christ our Lord shall claim his own? Shall we be there?
 Shall we be there?



Shall we be there? When God his jewels shall make known?
 Shall we be there?

No. 56. Blessed Assurance.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by MRS. JOS. F. KNAFF.

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Visions of rapt-ure
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight; An-gels descending, bring from above, Echoes of
 hap-py and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above, Fill'd with his

REFRAIN.

Spir-it, washed in his blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 goodness, lost in his love.

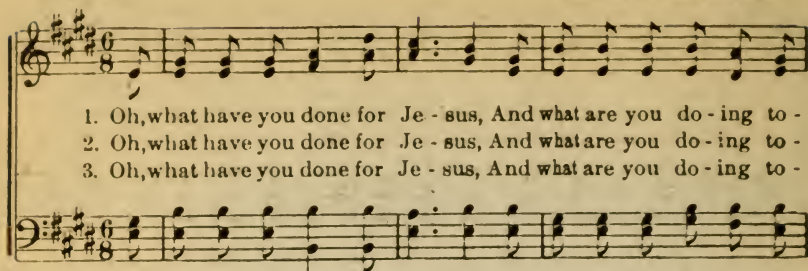
song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

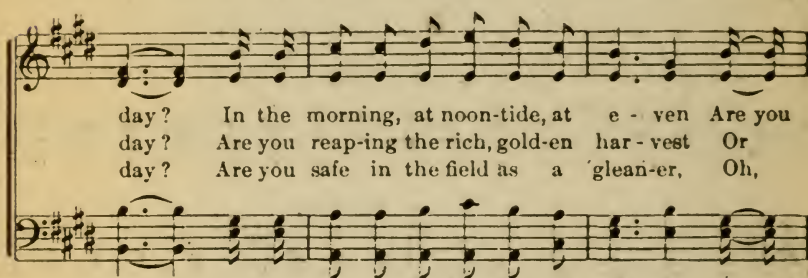
No. 57. Go While it is Morning.

L. M. A.

LOUISE M. ANDERSON.

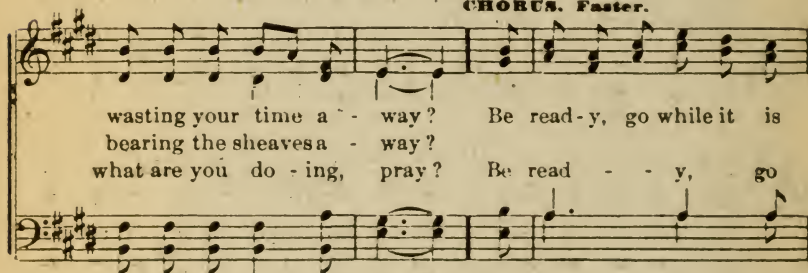


1. Oh, what have you done for Je - sus, And what are you do - ing to -
 2. Oh, what have you done for Je - sus, And what are you do - ing to -
 3. Oh, what have you done for Je - sus, And what are you do - ing to -

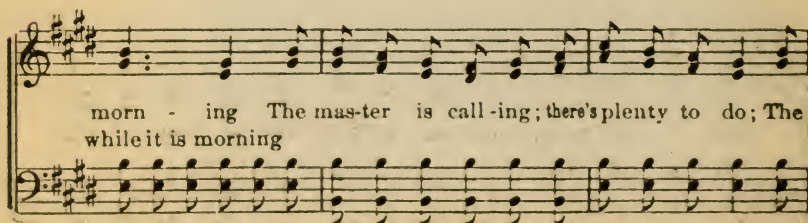


day? In the morning, at noon-tide, at e - ven Are you
 day? Are you reap-ing the rich, gold-en har - vest Or
 day? Are you safe in the field as a 'glean-er, Oh,

CHORUS. Faster.



wasting your time a - way? Be read-y, go while it is
 bearing the sheaves a - way?
 what are you do - ing, pray? Be read - - y, go



morn - ing The mas-ter is call-ing; there's plenty to do; The
 while it is morning

Go While it is Morning. Concluded.

bright golden fields are now wait - ing But Oh, the lab'ers are few!
 bright gold - en fields are now waiting

No. 58.

Fountain.

Words by WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! thy precious blood Shall ne - ver lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a nob-ler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,

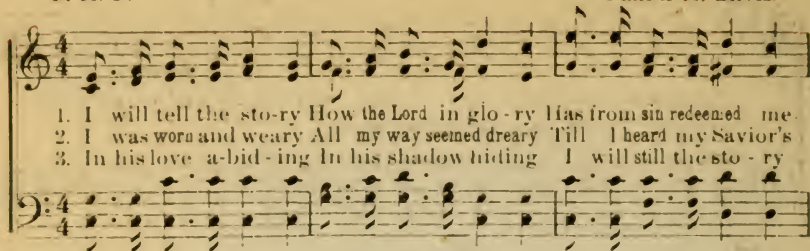
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more.
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

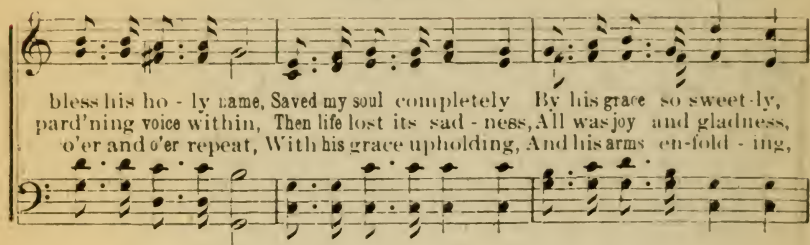
No. 59. I Will Tell The Story.

F. M. D.

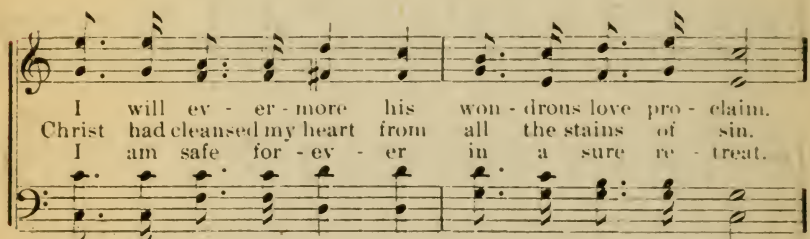
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. I will tell the sto-ry How the Lord in glo-ry has from sin redeemed me.
 2. I was worn and weary All my way seemed dreary Till I heard my Savior's
 3. In his love a-bid-ing In his shadow hiding I will still the sto-ry

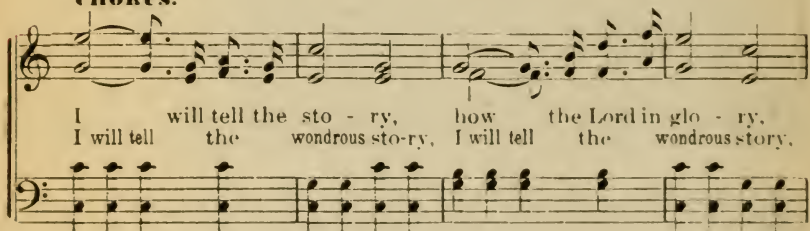


bless his ho-ly name, Saved my soul completely By his grace so sweet-ly,
 pard'ning voice within, Then life lost its sad-ness, All was joy and gladness,
 o'er and o'er repeat, With his grace upholding, And his arms en-fold-ing,

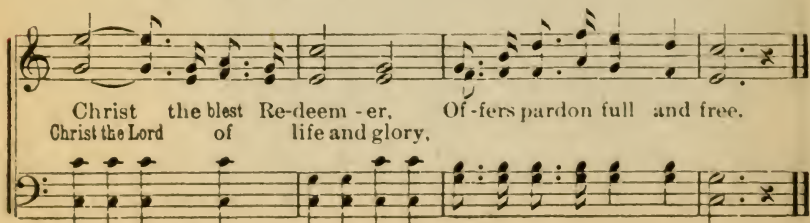


I will ev-er-more his won-drous love pro-claim.
 Christ had cleansed my heart from all the stains of sin.
 I am safe for-ev-er in a sure re-treat.

CHORUS.



I will tell the sto-ry, how the Lord in glo-ry,
 I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, I will tell the wondrous story,



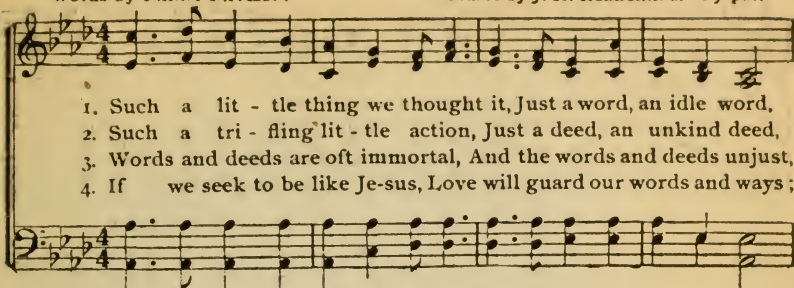
Christ the blest Re-deem-er, Of-fers pardon full and free.
 Christ the Lord of life and glory,

No. 60.

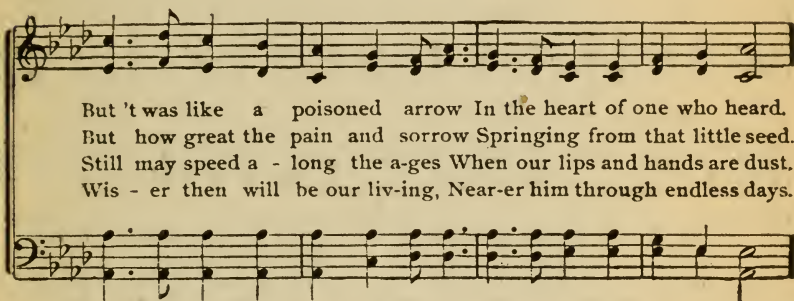
More Like Thine.

Words by FANNY DAVISON.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

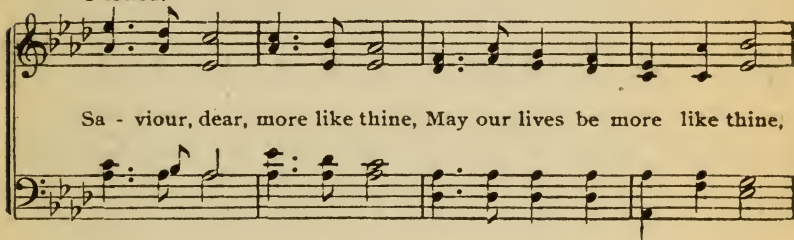


1. Such a lit - tle thing we thought it, Just a word, an idle word,
 2. Such a tri - fling lit - tle action, Just a deed, an unkind deed,
 3. Words and deeds are oft immortal, And the words and deeds unjust,
 4. If we seek to be like Je-sus, Love will guard our words and ways;

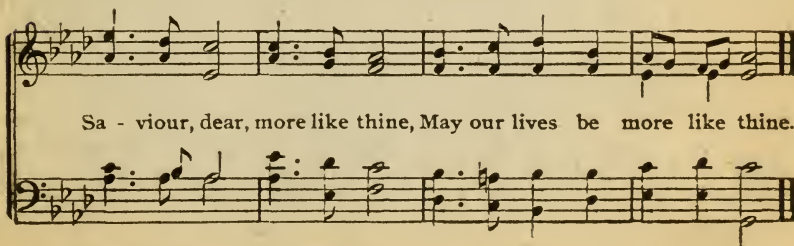


But 't was like a poisoned arrow In the heart of one who heard.
 But how great the pain and sorrow Springing from that little seed.
 Still may speed a - long the a-ges When our lips and hands are dust.
 Wis - er then will be our liv-ing, Near-er him through endless days.

CHORUS.



Sa - viour, dear, more like thine, May our lives be more like thine,

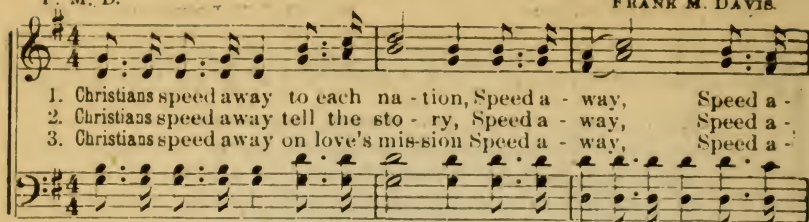


Sa - viour, dear, more like thine, May our lives be more like thine.

No. 61. Christians Speed Away.

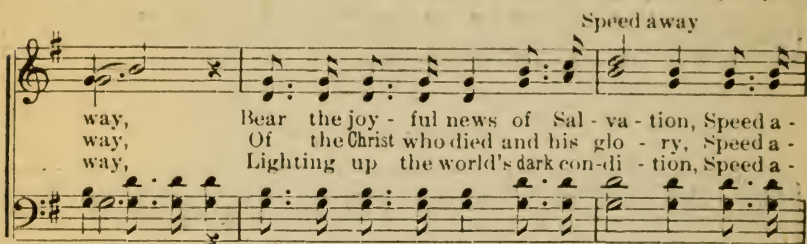
F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



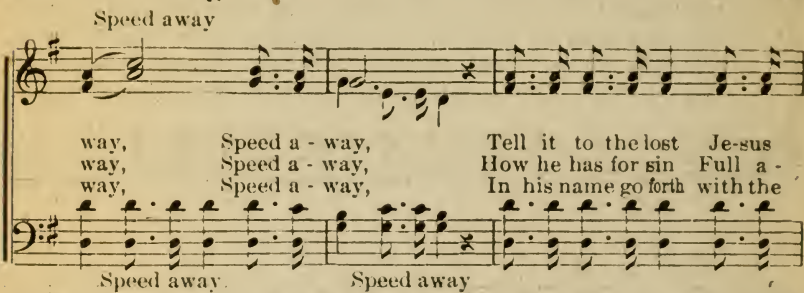
1. Christians speed away to each na - tion, Speed a - way, Speed a -
 2. Christians speed away tell the sto - ry, Speed a - way, Speed a -
 3. Christians speed away on love's mis-sion Speed a - way, Speed a -

Speed away



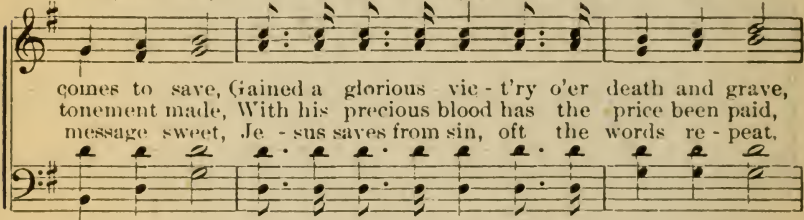
way, Bear the joy - ful news of Sal - va - tion, Speed a -
 way, Of the Christ who died and his glo - ry, Speed a -
 way, Lighting up the world's dark con-di - tion, Speed a -

Speed away

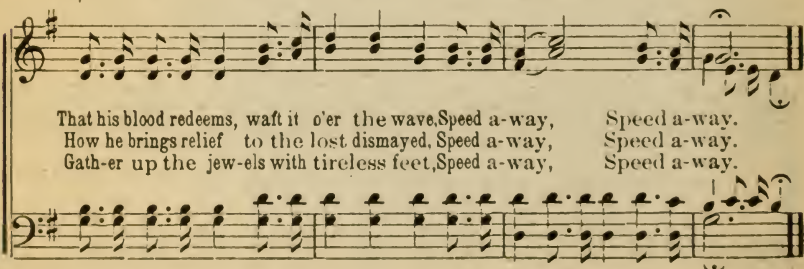


way, Speed a - way, Tell it to the lost Je-sus
 way, Speed a - way, How he has for sin Full a -
 way, Speed a - way, In his name go forth with the

Speed away. Speed away



comes to save, Gained a glorious vic - t'ry o'er death and grave,
 tonement made, With his precious blood has the price been paid,
 message sweet, Je - sus saves from sin, oft the words re - peat,



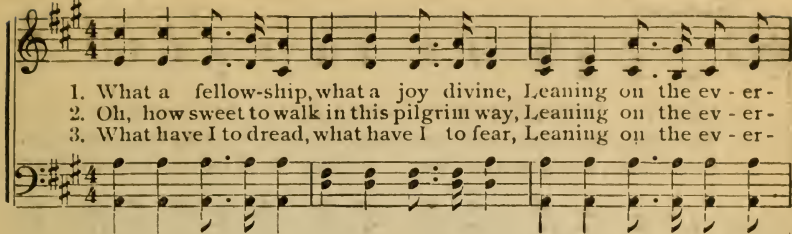
That his blood redeems, waft it o'er the wave, Speed a-way, Speed a-way.
 How he brings relief to the lost dismayed, Speed a-way, Speed a-way.
 Gath-er up the jew-els with tireless feet, Speed a-way, Speed a-way.

Speed away,

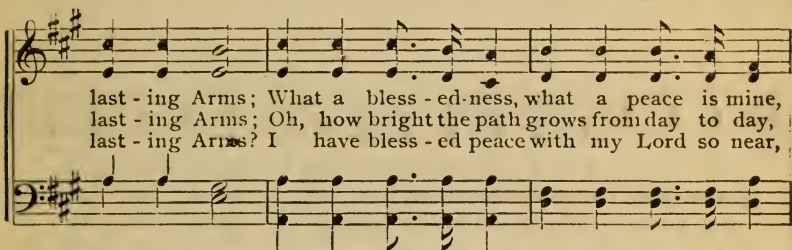
No. 62. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Words by H. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

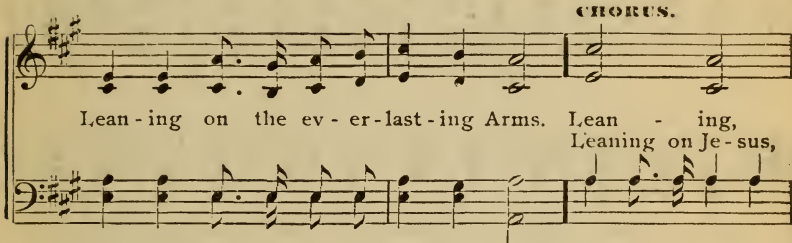


1. What a fellow-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

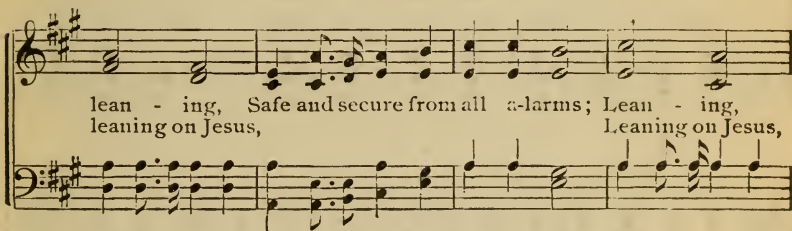


last - ing Arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

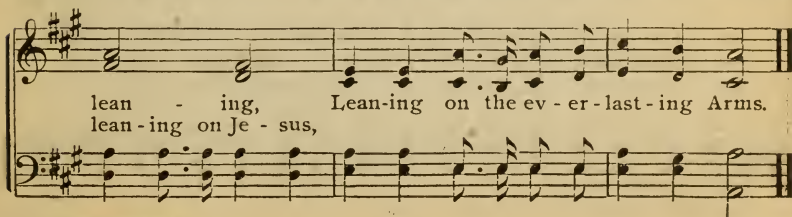
CHORUS.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing,
 Leaning on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a - larms; Lean - ing,
 leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,



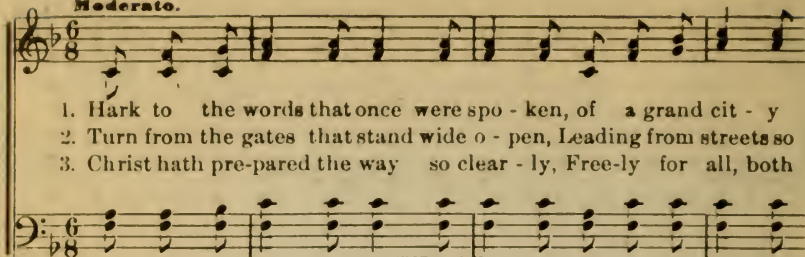
lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.
 lean - ing on Je - sus,

No. 63. Enter The Pearly Gates.

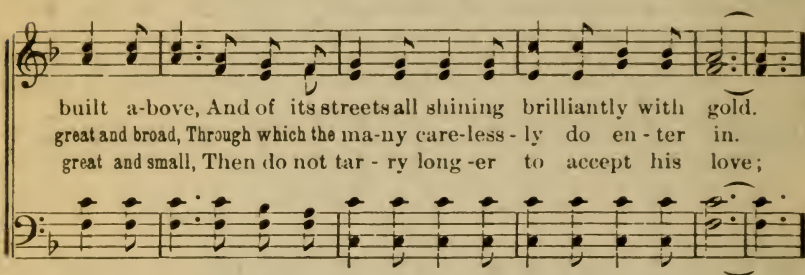
M. B. S.

M. B. SIMON

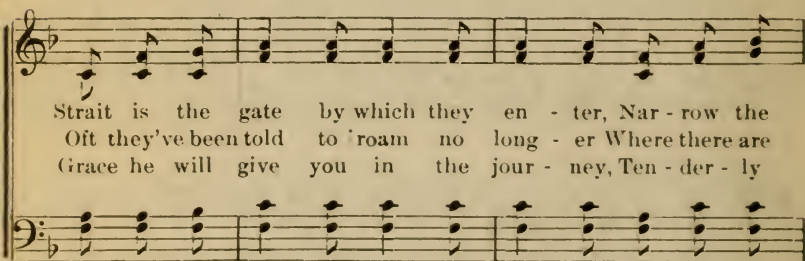
Moderato.



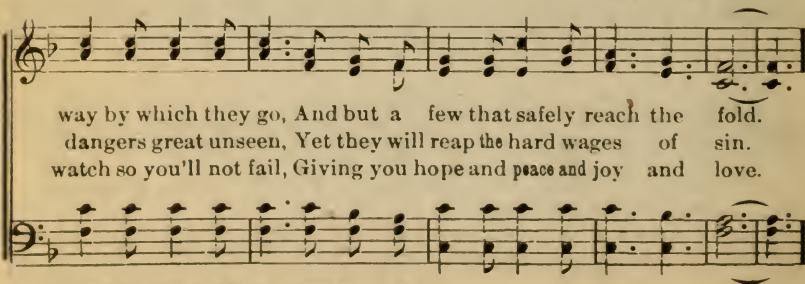
1. Hark to the words that once were spo - ken, of a grand cit - y
 2. Turn from the gates that stand wide o - pen, Leading from streets so
 3. Christ hath pre-pared the way so clear - ly, Free-ly for all, both



built a-bove, And of its streets all shining brilliantly with gold.
 great and broad, Through which the ma - ny care-less - ly do en - ter in.
 great and small, Then do not tar - ry long - er to accept his love;



Strait is the gate by which they en - ter, Nar - row the
 Oft they've been told to roam no long - er Where there are
 Grace he will give you in the jour - ney, Ten - der - ly



way by which they go, And but a few that safely reach the fold.
 dangers great unseen, Yet they will reap the hard wages of sin.
 watch so you'll not fail, Giving you hope and peace and joy and love.

Enter The Pearly Gates. Concluded.

CHORUS.

En-ter the gates, the beau-ti-ful gates,
 En-ter the gates, enter the gates,

En-ter the pearl-y gates While o-pen wide they stand
 en-ter the gates.

En-ter the gates, the beau-ti-ful gates,
 Enter the gates, beau-ti-ful gates,

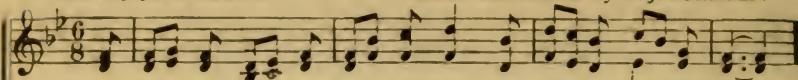
En-ter the pearl-y gates, At Christ's com-mand.
 en-ter the gates.

No. 64.

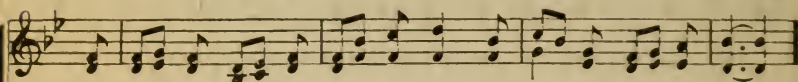
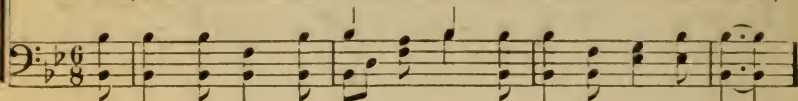
Amazing Grace.

Words by JOHN NEWTON.

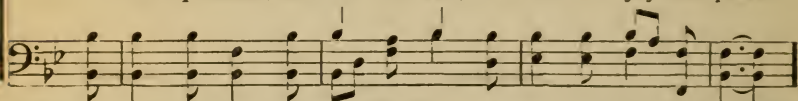
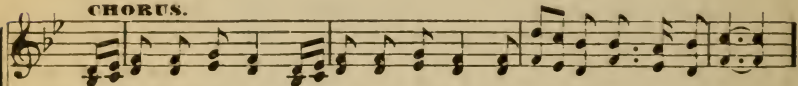
Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.



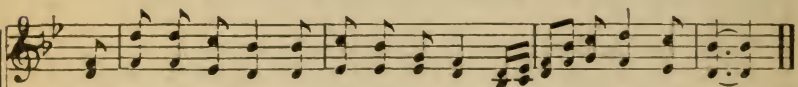
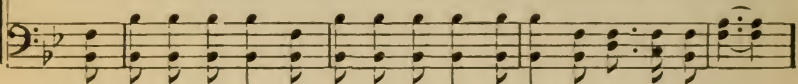
1. A-maz-ing grace—how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. Thro' ma-ny dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - read-y come;
3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
4. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,



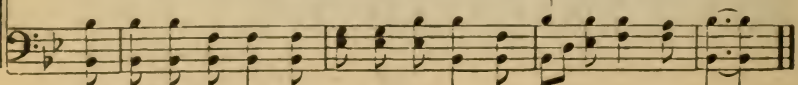
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace has led me home.
 He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-dures.
 I shall pos-sess, with-in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

**CHORUS.**

I'm trusting to-day, The call I o-bey, Oh, take me just as I am;



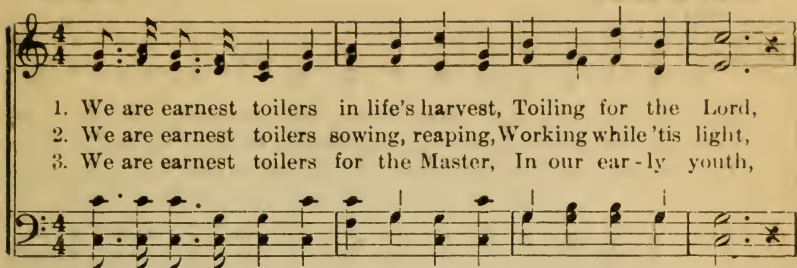
I'm trusting the word, The blood of Calvary's Lamb.
 I'm washed in the blood,



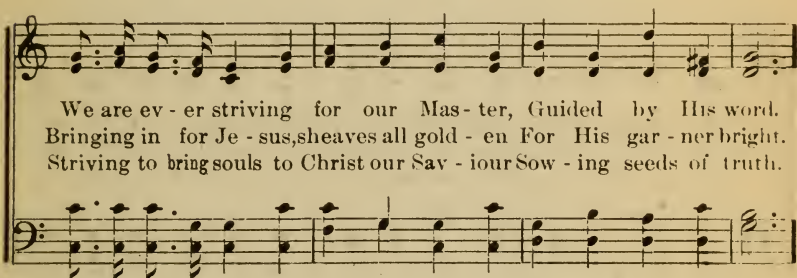
No. 65. We Are Earnest Toilers.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

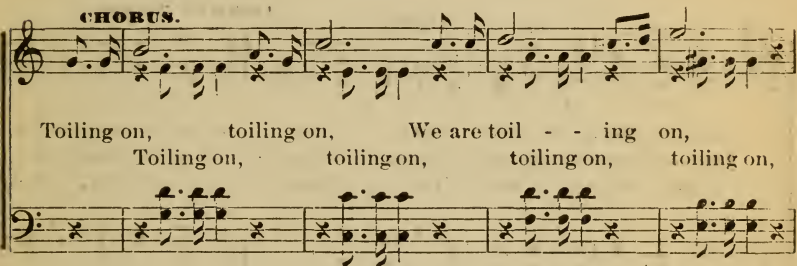


1. We are earnest toilers in life's harvest, Toiling for the Lord,
 2. We are earnest toilers sowing, reaping, Working while 'tis light,
 3. We are earnest toilers for the Master, In our ear-ly youth,

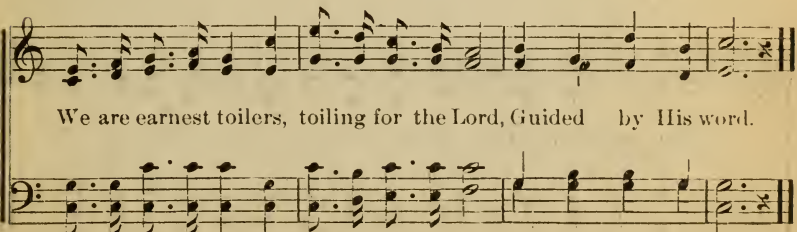


We are ev - er striving for our Mas - ter, Guided by His word.
 Bringing in for Je - sus, sheaves all gold - en For His gar - ner bright.
 Striving to bring souls to Christ our Sav - iour Sow - ing seeds of truth.

CHORUS.



Toiling on, toiling on, We are toil - - ing on,
 Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,



We are earnest toilers, toiling for the Lord, Guided by His word.

No. 66.

Nearer To Thee.

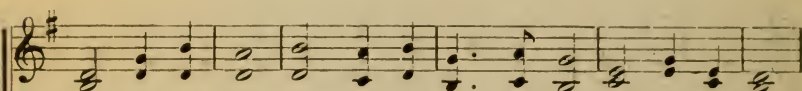
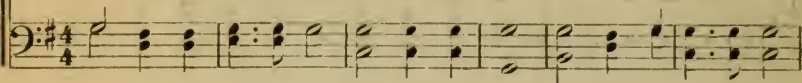
JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

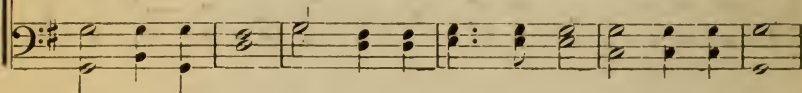
SOLO.



1. Back from the Long A- go, Distant and dim, Breathing a warning low,
2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re-frain, Bid-ding me find in this,
3. Thus let me dai - ly rise Nearer thy throne, Nearer the lasting prize

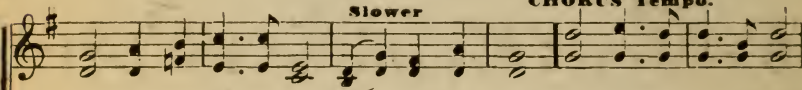


Comes a sweet hymn ; Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me ;
 Heav - en - ly gain, E'en in my griefs I say: Fa - ther I flee
 Kept for thine own ; E'en when Death's heralds come, Lord, may they be

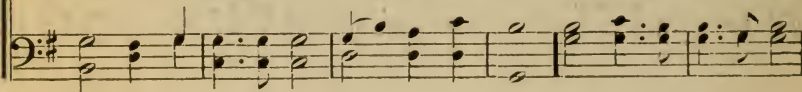


Slower

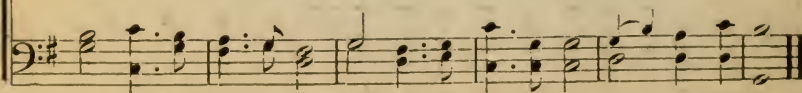
CHORUS Tempo.



Sa - cred and tender seems, " Near - er to thee ; " — " Still all my song shall be,
 Out of this clouded way, " Near - er to thee ; " — " So by my woes to be
 An - gels to lead me home, " Near - er to thee ; " — " Angels to beckon me,



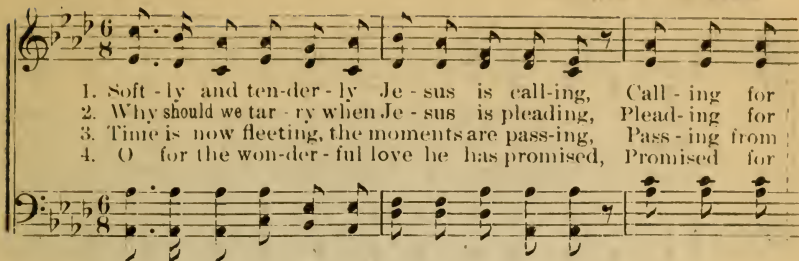
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer my God to thee, Near - er to thee."



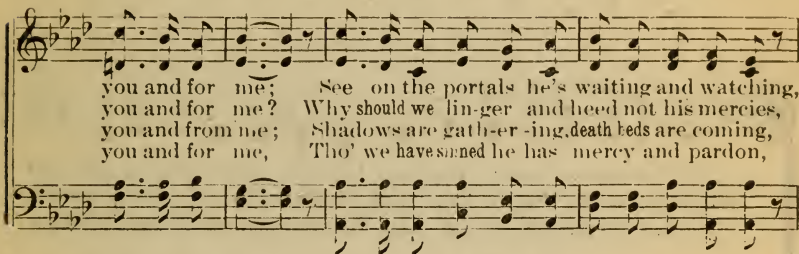
No. 67. For You And For Me.

W. L. T.

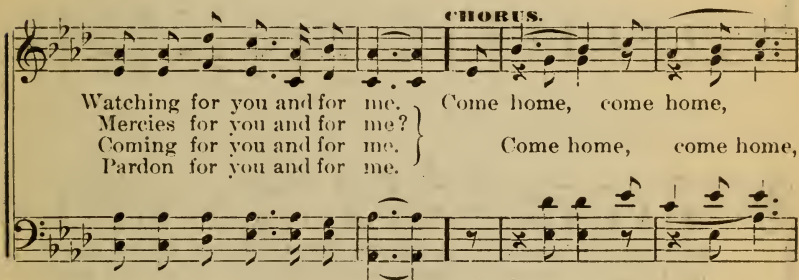
WILLIAM L. THOMPSON.



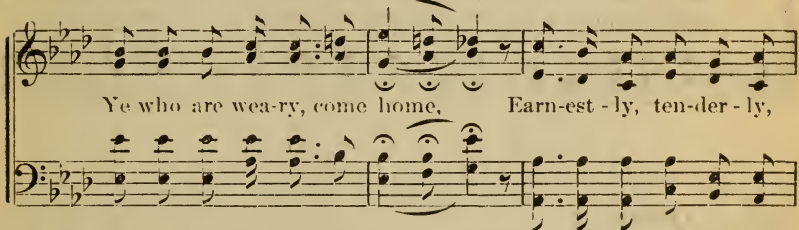
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. O for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised, Promised for



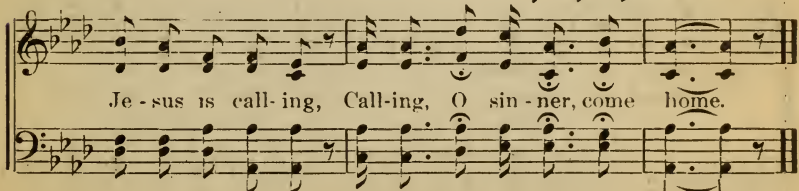
you and for me; See on the portals he's waiting and watching,
 you and for me; Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gather - ing, death beds are coming,
 you and for me, Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon,



CHORUS.
 Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Mercies for you and for me? } Come home, come home,
 Coming for you and for me.
 Pardon for you and for me.



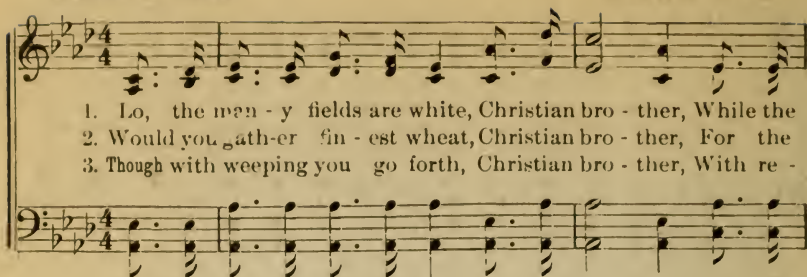
Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,



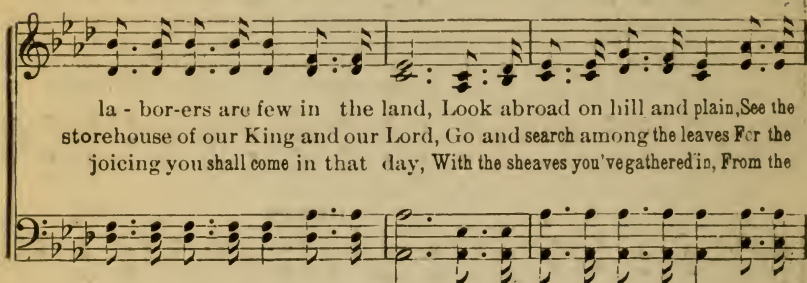
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home.

HARRIET E. JONES.

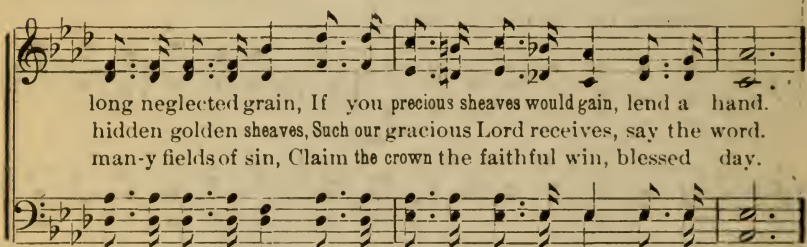
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Lo, the man - y fields are white, Christian bro - ther, While the
 2. Would you gath - er fin - est wheat, Christian bro - ther, For the
 3. Though with weeping you go forth, Christian bro - ther, With re -

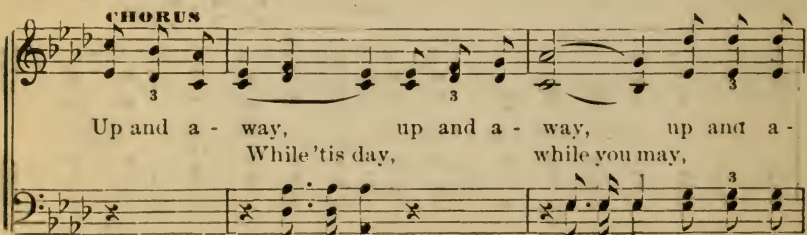


la - bor - ers are few in the land, Look abroad on hill and plain, See the
 storehouse of our King and our Lord, Go and search among the leaves For the
 joicing you shall come in that day, With the sheaves you've gathered in, From the



long neglected grain, If you precious sheaves would gain, lend a hand.
 hidden golden sheaves, Such our gracious Lord receives, say the word.
 man - y fields of sin, Claim the crown the faithful win, blessed day.

CHORUS



Up and a - way, up and a - way, up and a -
 While 'tis day, while you may,

Lend a Hand. Concluded.

way the command to o - bey, Never dare to i - dle stand, Reap and

glean throughout the land, Lend a hand, O lend a hand, Speed a - way.

No. 69.

Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE.

RITTER.

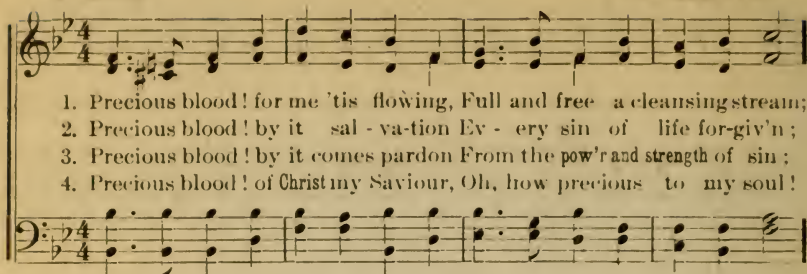
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of thy love, We lose ourselves in heav'n a - bove.

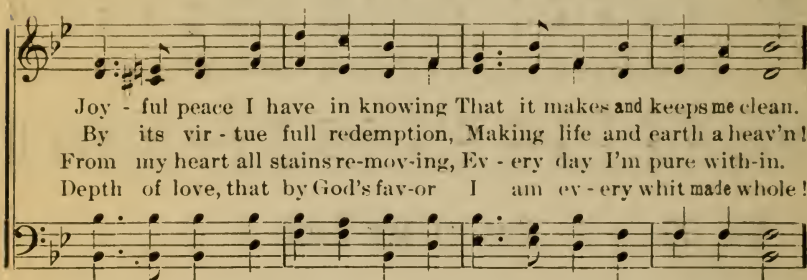
No. 70. Precious Blood of Christ.

H. DAVIS.

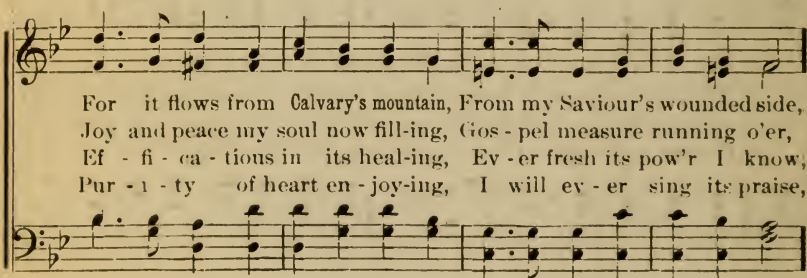
J. H. ROSECRANS.



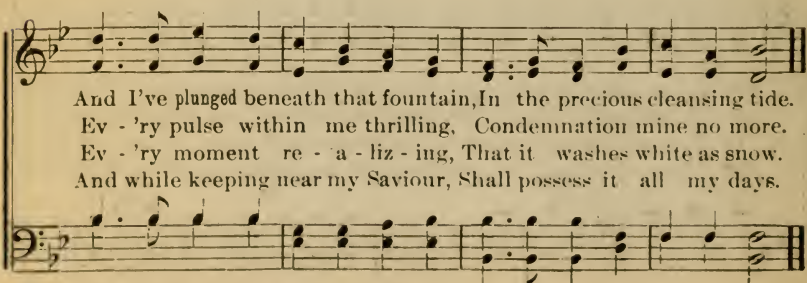
1. Precious blood! for me 'tis flowing, Full and free a cleansing stream;
 2. Precious blood! by it sal - va - tion Ev - ery sin of life for-giv'n;
 3. Precious blood! by it comes pardon From the pow'r and strength of sin;
 4. Precious blood! of Christ my Saviour, Oh, how precious to my soul!



Joy - ful peace I have in knowing That it makes and keeps me clean.
 By its vir - tue full redemption, Making life and earth a heav'n!
 From my heart all stains re-mov-ing, Ev - ery day I'm pure with-in.
 Depth of love, that by God's fav-or I am ev - ery whit made whole!



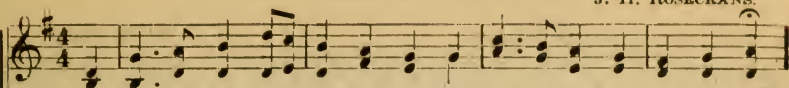
For it flows from Calvary's mountain, From my Saviour's wounded side,
 Joy and peace my soul now fill-ing, Gos - pel measure running o'er,
 Ef - fi - ca - tious in its heal-ing, Ev - er fresh its pow'r I know,
 Pur - ty of heart en - joy-ing, I will ev - er sing its praise,



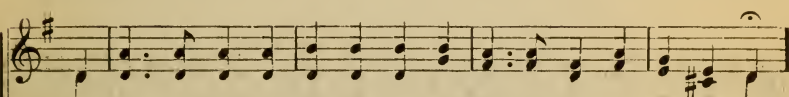
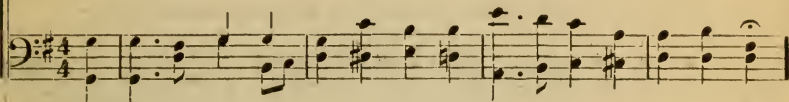
And I've plunged beneath that fountain, In the precious cleansing tide.
 Ev - 'ry pulse within me thrilling, Condemnation mine no more.
 Ev - 'ry moment re - a - liz - ing, That it washes white as snow.
 And while keeping near my Saviour, Shall possess it all my days.

No. 71. Just as God Leads.

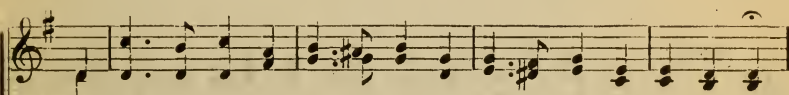
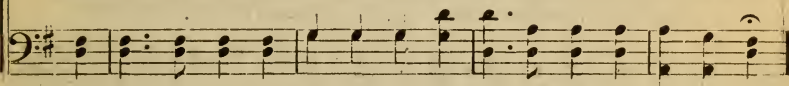
J. H. ROSECRANS.



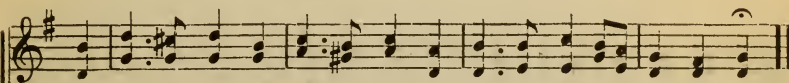
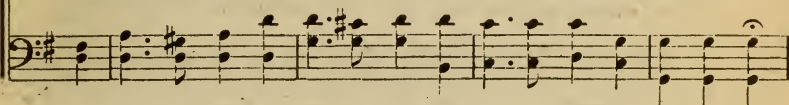
1. Just as God leads! and can it be That God will notice e - ven me?
2. Just as God leads! my heart replies; And looking upward to the skies
3. Just as God leads! I may not see The path He has marked out for me;



Will deign His sovereign grace to lend To lead, protect, di-rect, defend?
 I pray Thee, Father take my hand And lead me through the des-ert land.
 But, trust-ing wholly in His care, No grief nor ill can reach me there.



Just as God leads! oh, wondrous love! That smiles on me from heav'n above;
 Just as God leads me I will go, Content what e'er my lot below,
 Just as God leads! I'll fol-low on, Rejoiced His righteous will to own;



That seeks to make my case its own And blessings pour from heaven's throne.
 If I may share His lov-ing smile Ac-cep-ted as His own dear child.
 And when the toils of earth are past He'll lead me safe-ly home at last.

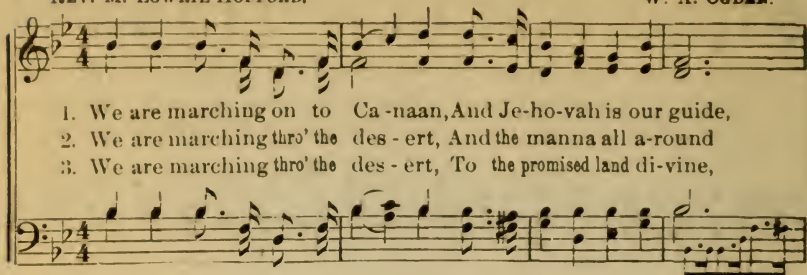


No. 72. Marching On to Canaan.

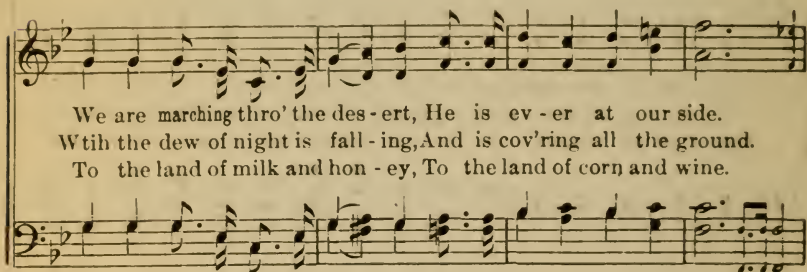
"They shall march with an army."—Jer. 46: 22.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.

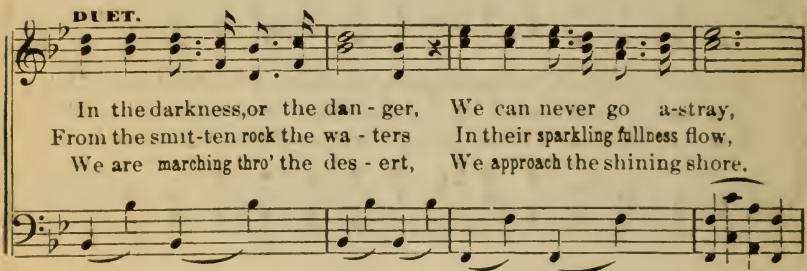


1. We are marching on to Ca-naan, And Je-ho-vah is our guide,
 2. We are marching thro' the des-ert, And the manna all a-round
 3. We are marching thro' the des-ert, To the promised land di-vine,

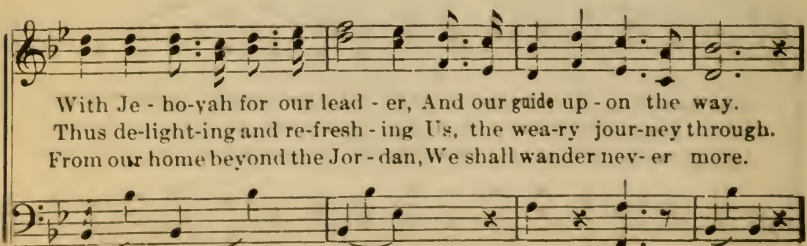


We are marching thro' the des-ert, He is ev-er at our side.
 With the dew of night is fall-ing, And is cov'ring all the ground.
 To the land of milk and hon-ey, To the land of corn and wine.

DUET.



In the darkness, or the dan-ger, We can never go a-stray,
 From the smit-ten rock the wa-ters In their sparkling fullness flow,
 We are marching thro' the des-ert, We approach the shining shore.

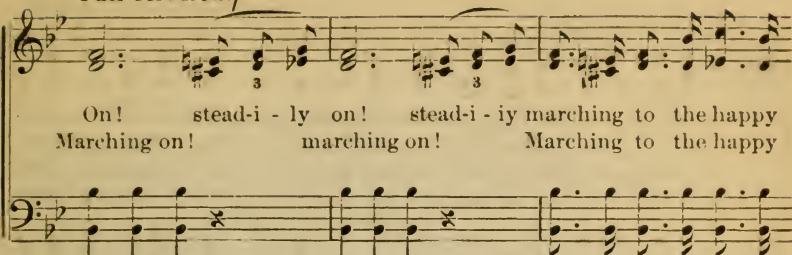


With Je-ho-vah for our lead-er, And our guide up-on the way.
 Thus de-light-ing and re-fresh-ing Us, the wea-ry jour-ney through.
 From our home beyond the Jor-dan, We shall wander nev-er more.

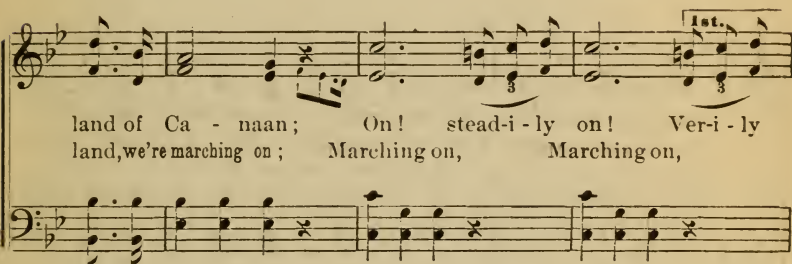
By permission of W. A. Ogden, owner of Copyright.

Marching On to Canaan. Concluded.

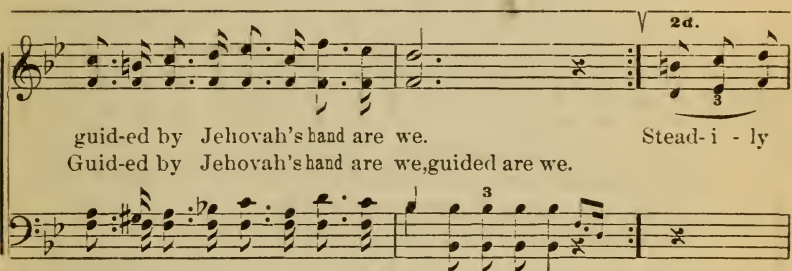
Full CHORUS. *f*



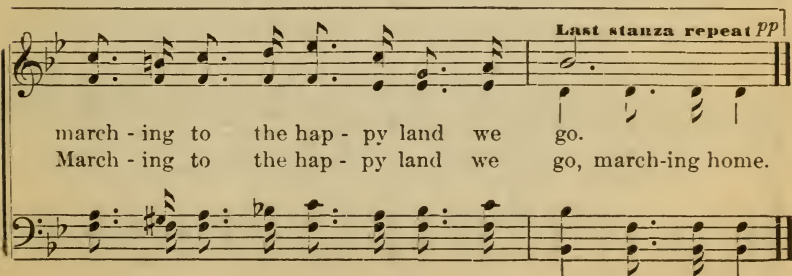
On! stead-i - ly on! stead-i - ly marching to the happy
Marching on! marching on! Marching to the happy



land of Ca - naan; On! stead-i - ly on! Ver-i - ly
land, we're marching on; Marching on, Marching on,



guid-ed by Jehovah's hand are we. Stead-i - ly
Guid-ed by Jehovah's hand are we, guided are we.



March - ing to the hap - py land we go.
March - ing to the hap - py land we go, march-ing home.

No. 73. Who is On the Lord's Side?

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."—JOS. 24: 15.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers
 2. Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem But with Thine own life-blood,
 3. Fierce must be the conflict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own army
 4. Chosen to be soldiers In an alien land, Chosen, called and faithful

Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 For Thy di - a-dem; With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee.
 None may overthrow; Round His standard rang - ing, Vic-t'ry is se - cure.
 For our Captain's band; In the ser-vice roy - al, Let us not grow cold,

D. S.—By Thy call of mer-cy, By Thy grace divine,

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy call of mer-cy
 For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure.
 Let us be right loy - al, No-ble, true and bold.

We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.

By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.

No. 74.

My Soul is Stayed.

1. On thee, my Lord, . . . my soul is stayed, . . . With thee my
 2. His gracious hand . . . my need sup-plies, . . . His cheering

heart . . . is un-dis-mayed; . . . Thy presence makes my pathway
 voice . . . makes joy to rise, . . . And all the way . . . I'll trust in

REFRAIN.
 bright . . . Thy smile il-lumes . . . the darkest night. Let tempests
 him, . . . Tho' strength should fail . . . and sight grow dim.

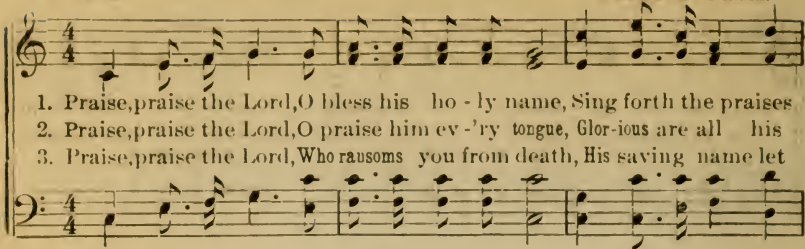
rage, . . . Let ills be-fall, . . . Let hell en-gage, Let death ap-pall, On thee, my

Lord, . . . my soul is stayed, . . . On thee my soul is stayed.

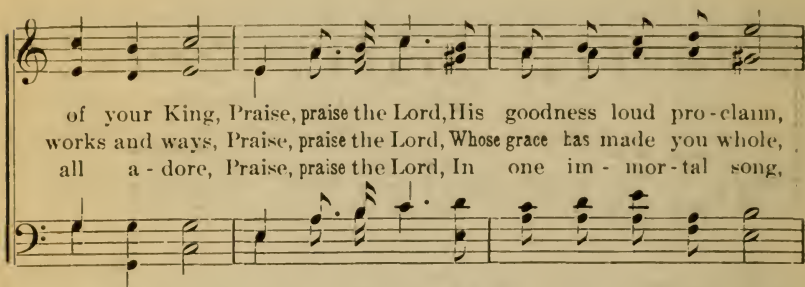
No. 75. Praise, Praise the Lord.

F. M. D.

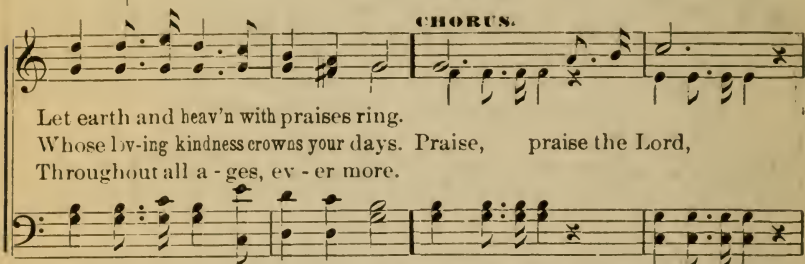
FRANK M. DAVIS.



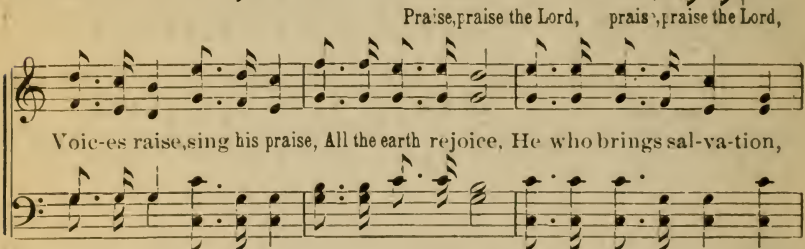
1. Praise, praise the Lord, O bless his ho - ly name, Sing forth the praises
 2. Praise, praise the Lord, O praise him ev - 'ry tongue, Glor - ious are all his
 3. Praise, praise the Lord, Who ransoms you from death, His saving name let



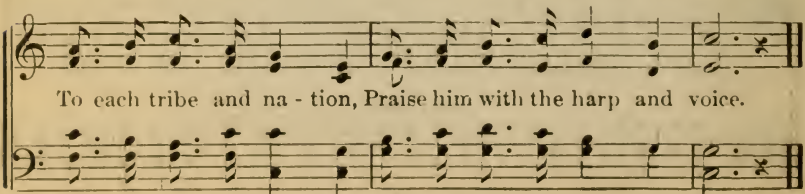
of your King, Praise, praise the Lord, His goodness loud pro - claim,
 works and ways, Praise, praise the Lord, Whose grace has made you whole,
 all a - dore, Praise, praise the Lord, In one im - mor - tal song,



CHORUS.
 Let earth and heav'n with praises ring.
 Whose liv - ing kindness crowns your days. Praise, praise the Lord,
 Throughout all a - ges, ev - er more.



Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord,
 Voice - es raise, sing his praise, All the earth rejoice, He who brings sal - va - tion,



To each tribe and na - tion, Praise him with the harp and voice.

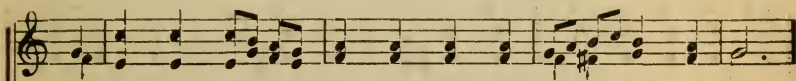
No. 76. In His Praise.

HELEN REYBURN.

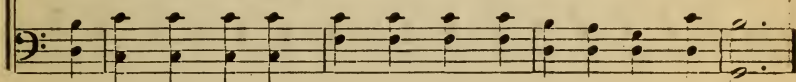
W. T. GIFFE.



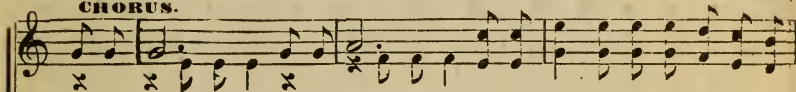
1. The heav'ns de-clare His glorious pow'r, Earth echoes back His praise,
2. And flow'rs from dain-ty chal - i - ces, Send clouds of in - cense up,
3. Then, oh, what words can tell the joy Of an im-mor - tal soul?



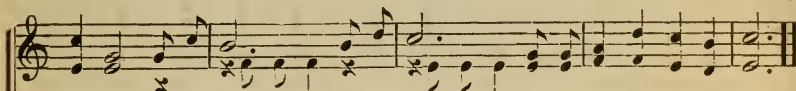
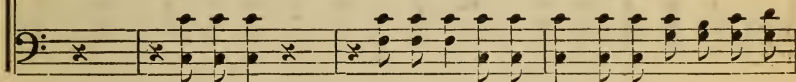
As countless birds from hour to hour Pour forth their joy-ous lays.
That rise like voice-less hymns of praise From ev - 'ry fra-grant cup.
From glow-ing hearts and grate - ful lips, Should ceaseless anthems roll.



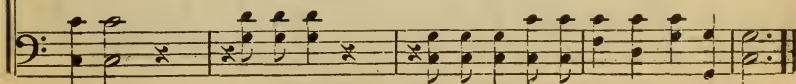
CHORUS.



In His praise, In His praise, In the praise of the merciful Cre-
In His praise, In His praise,



a - tor; In His praise, In His praise, In the praise of Christ our King,
In His praise, In His praise,

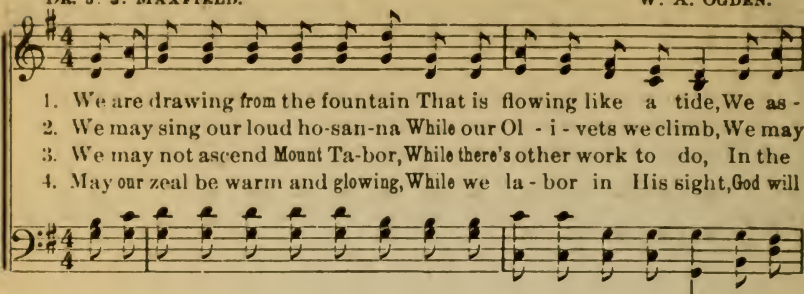


No. 77. Drawing from the Fountain.

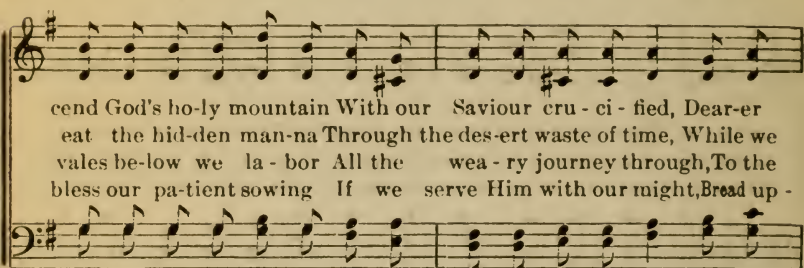
"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isaiah 12:3.

DR. J. J. MAXFIELD.

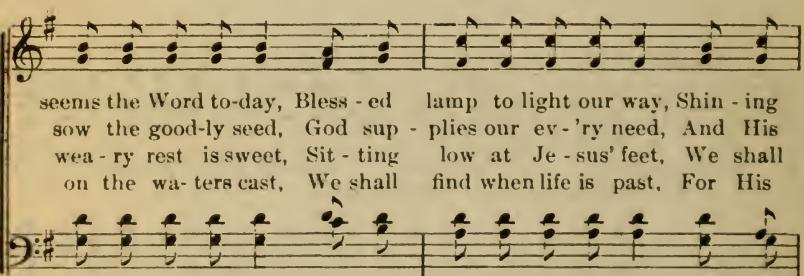
W. A. OGDEN.



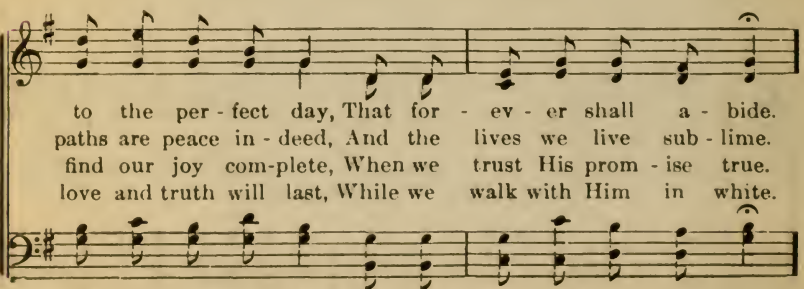
1. We are drawing from the fountain That is flowing like a tide, We as -
 2. We may sing our loud ho-san-na While our Ol - i - vets we climb, We may
 3. We may not ascend Mount Ta-bor, While there's other work to do, In the
 4. May our zeal be warm and glowing, While we la - bor in His sight, God will



end God's ho-ly mountain With our Saviour cru - ci - fied, Dear-er
 eat the hid-den man-na Through the des-ert waste of time, While we
 vales be-low we la - bor All the wea - ry journey through, To the
 bless our pa-tient sowing If we serve Him with our might, Bread up -



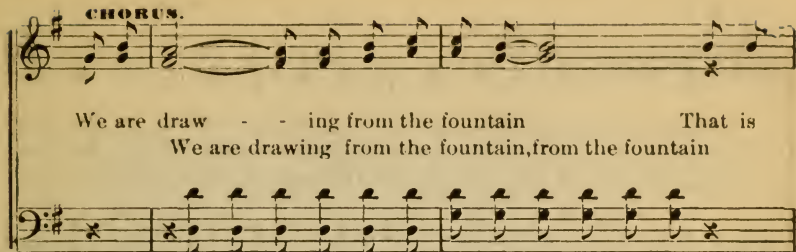
seems the Word to-day, Bless - ed lamp to light our way, Shin - ing
 sow the good-ly seed, God sup - plies our ev - 'ry need, And His
 wea - ry rest is sweet, Sit - ting low at Je - sus' feet, We shall
 on the wa - ters cast, We shall find when life is past, For His



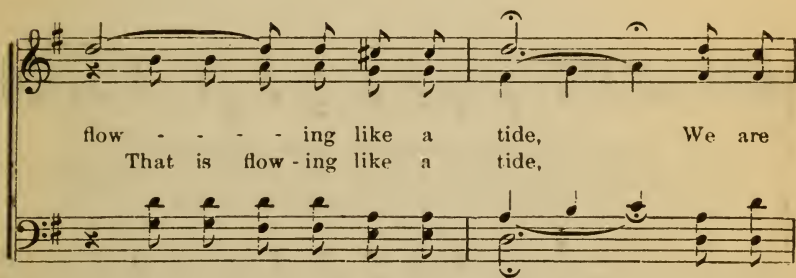
to the per - fect day, That for - ev - er shall a - bide.
 paths are peace in - deed, And the lives we live sub - lime.
 find our joy com-plete, When we trust His prom - ise true.
 love and truth will last, While we walk with Him in white.

Drawing from the Fountain. Concluded.

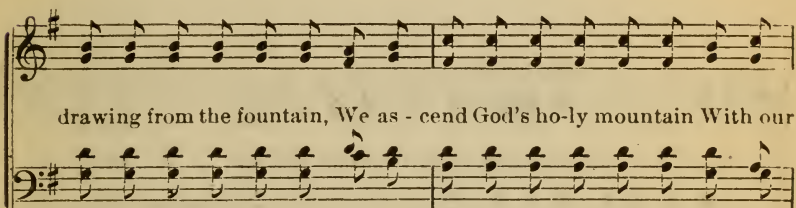
CHORUS.



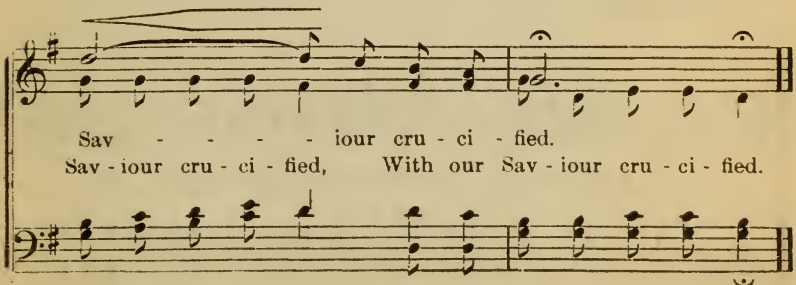
We are draw - - ing from the fountain That is
We are drawing from the fountain, from the fountain



flow - - - ing like a tide, We are
That is flow - ing like a tide,



drawing from the fountain, We as - cend God's ho-ly mountain With our



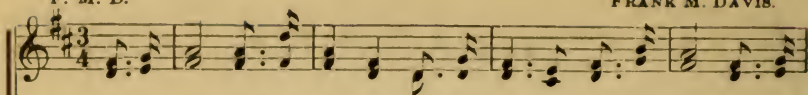
Sav - - - iour cru - ci - fied.
Sav - iour cru - ci - fied, With our Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.

No. 78.

He Will Forgive.

F. M. D.

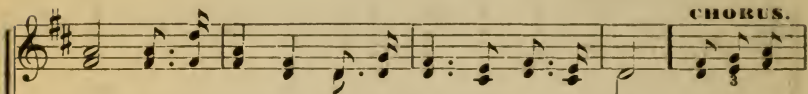
FRANK M. DAVIS.



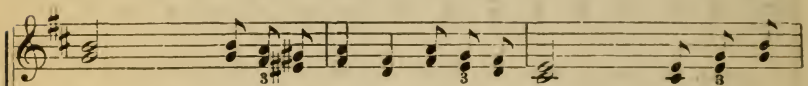
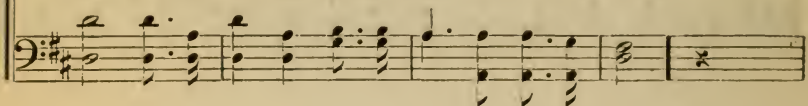
1. There is life, peace and pardon, For you who to Je - sus go, Tho' your
2. Have no fear, come to Je - sus, He will all your sins for-give, Cast on
3. Put your trust in the Sav-iour, Be His name your on - ly plea, Give your



CHORUS.



sins be like crim-son, They shall be as white as snow.
 Him all your bur-dens, Look to Him, O look and live. He will for-
 heart to Him whol-ly, He a-lone can set you free.

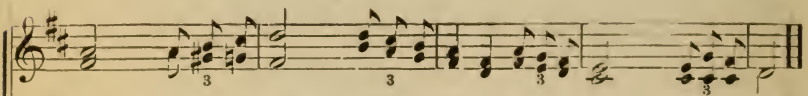


give, all your transgressions, Freely for-give, free-ly for -

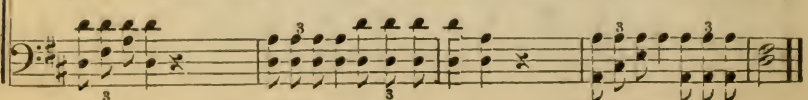


He will forgive,

Freely for-give,



give, He will for-give all your transgressions, Freely for-give, freely forgive.

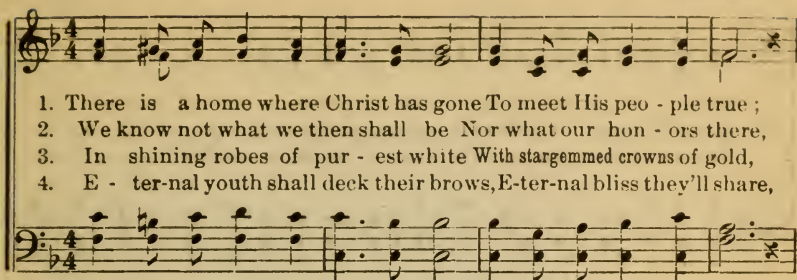


freely forgive, Freely forgive,

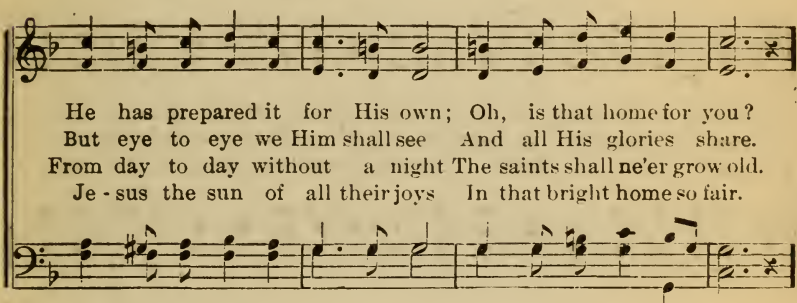
freely forgive.

NO. 79. Beautiful Home in Heaven.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

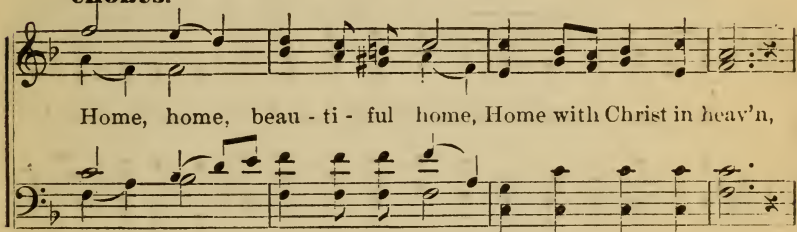


1. There is a home where Christ has gone To meet His peo - ple true ;
 2. We know not what we then shall be Nor what our hon - ors there,
 3. In shining robes of pur - est white With stargemmed crowns of gold,
 4. E - ter - nal youth shall deck their brows, E - ter - nal bliss they'll share,

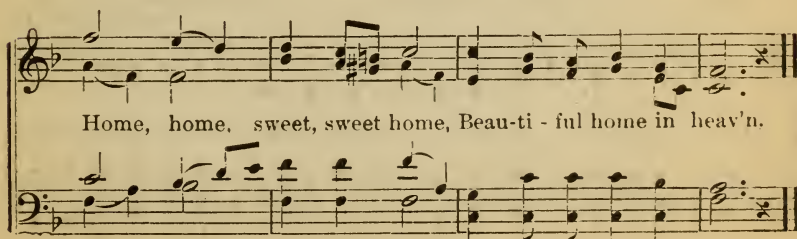


He has prepared it for His own; Oh, is that home for you?
 But eye to eye we Him shall see And all His glories share.
 From day to day without a night The saints shall ne'er grow old.
 Je - sus the sun of all their joys In that bright home so fair.

CHORUS.



Home, home, beau - ti - ful home, Home with Christ in heav'n,

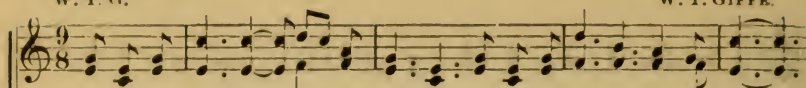


Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Beau - ti - ful home in heav'n.

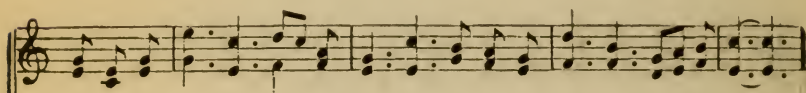
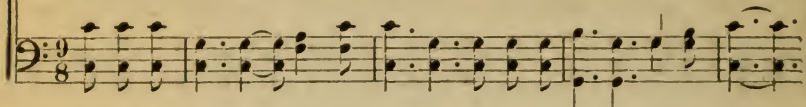
No. 80. By and By Will Come the Morning.

W. T. G.

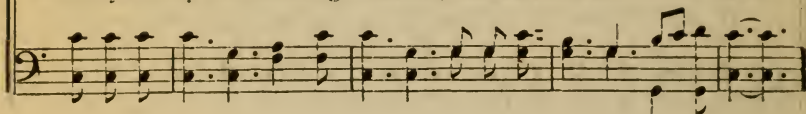
W. T. GIFFE.



1. Christian, thy night may be long and dreary, Scarcely a star may shine o'er head ;
2. Never despair or doubt His good-ness, Kindly He veils thy vision now ;
3. We can not know the way He tak-eth, Nor can we turn from His comr and:

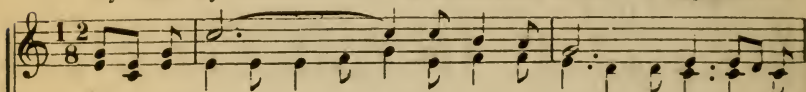


There is a Help-er ev - er near thee, Call upon Him in time of dread.
Trust in His prom- is - es and mer- cy, Kissing the rod that smites thee low.
When by and by the morning breaketh, Then we shall see and un- der - stand.

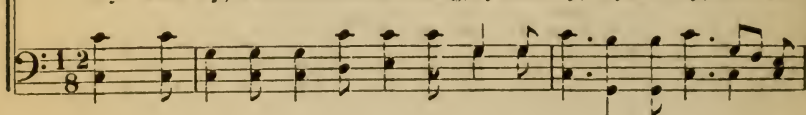


CHORUS.

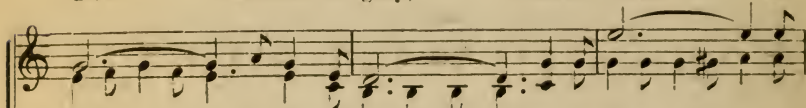
By and by will come the morn - ing, Soon the



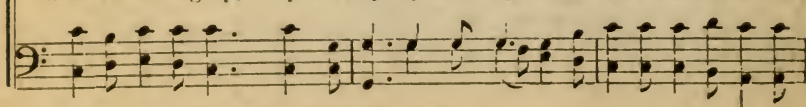
By and by, will come the morning, By and by, by and by, Soon the



dark will turn to gray, Then will break a

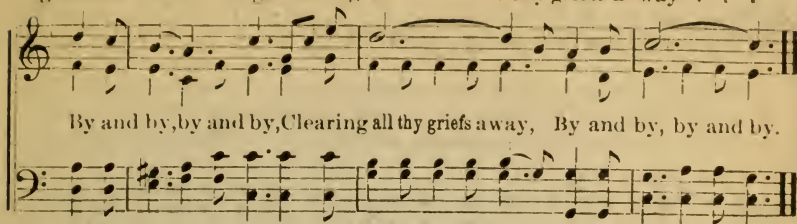


dark will turn to gray, By and by, by and by, Then will break a glorious dawning



By and By Will Come the Morning. Concluded.

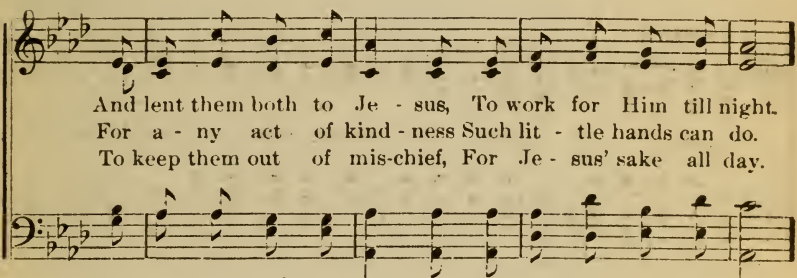
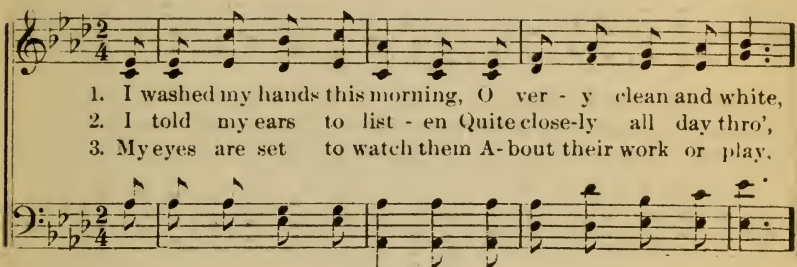
glorious dawn - ing, Clearing all . . . thy griefs a-way . . .



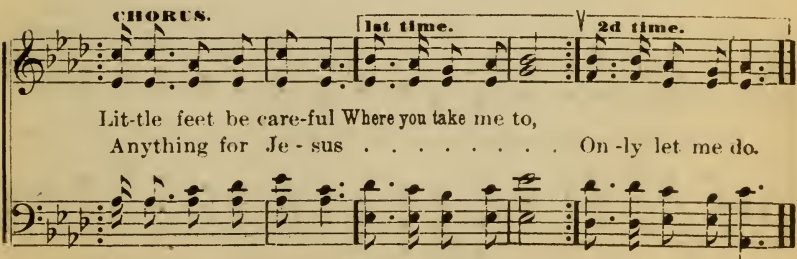
No. 81. Little Feet be Careful.

Words by MRS. L. M. BATEMAN.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



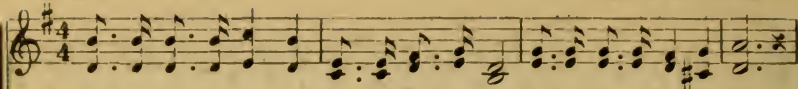
CHORUS.



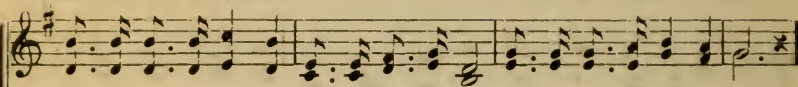
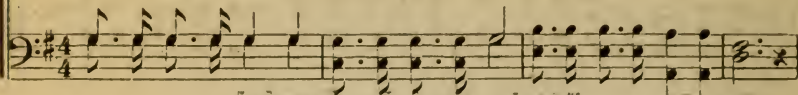
No. 82. On the Threshold Standing.

F. M. D.

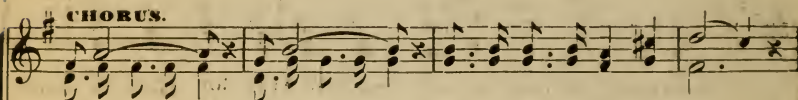
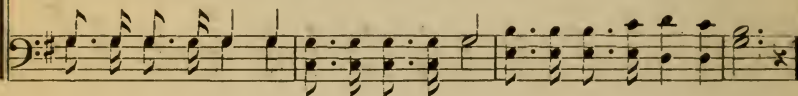
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. On the threshold standing, yet not safe within, Christ has called you o'er and o'er,
2. On the threshold standing, yet on danger's ground, Still within the pow'r of sin,
3. On the threshold standing, heeding not the voice That entreats you o'er and o'er,



Ver-y near the kingdom, yet so far a-way, Waiting at the o - pen door.
With but one short step between you and the fold Failing still to en-ter in.
Kindly bids you welcome to his place of rest; Wait no longer at the door.



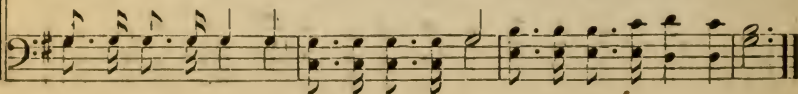
Waiting . . . waiting . . . Christ has called you o'er and o'er.



Waiting at the door, waiting at the door,



On the threshold standing, yet not safe within, Waiting at the o - pen door.



Great Deliverer. Concluded.

liv - rer, Who among the mighty shall be likened un - to Him.

Great de-liv-'rer,

No. 88.

Martyn.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high: }

D.C. Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind;

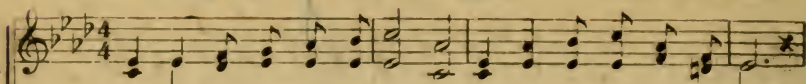
Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False, and full of sin, I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

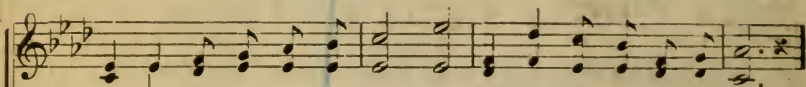
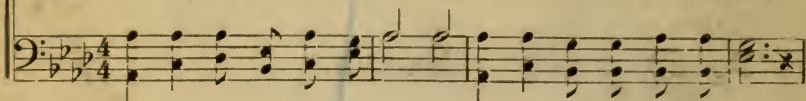
No. 89. Saviour, Guide Me.

R. M. M.

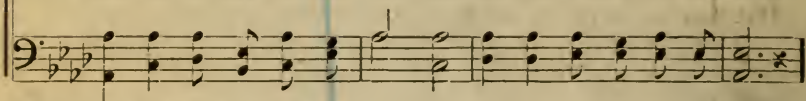
R. M. McINTOSH.



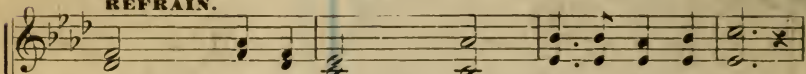
1. Guide me, O my blessed Sav-iour, Guide me o'er "life's troubled sea ;"
2. Guard me, O my blessed Sav-iour, Guard and guide me ev-'ry day ;
3. Save me, O my blessed Sav-iour, Save me from temptation's pow'r ;
4. When the work of life is en - ded, All thou hast on earth for me,



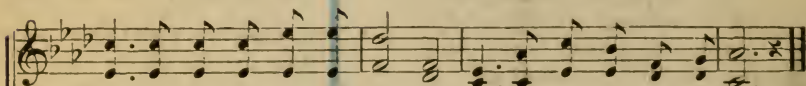
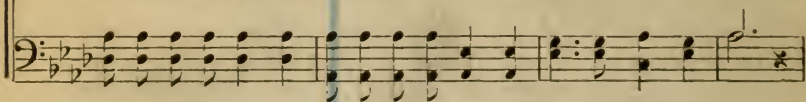
Sorrow's waves shall not o'erwhelm me While I put my trust in thee.
 Keep me safe from sin and sor - row ; Guard and guide me all the way.
 When the pains of death are on me, Saviour, save me in that hour.
 Take me, O my blessed Sav - iour, Take me home to dwell with thee.



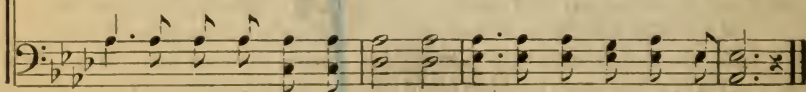
REFRAIN.



Guide me, my Sav - iour, Guide me day by day ;
 Guide me, O my Saviour, Guide me, O my Saviour,



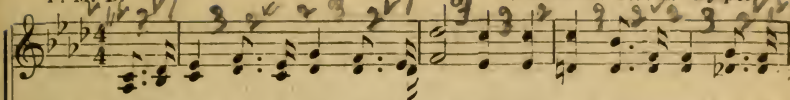
When the storms of life sweep o'er me, Saviour, guide me then I pray.



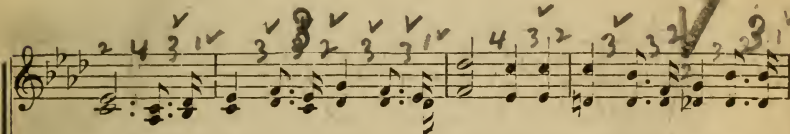
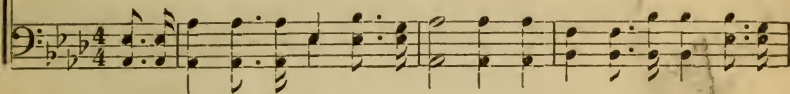
No. 90. Remembered No More.

F. M. D.

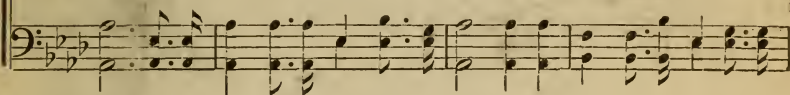
FRANK M. DAVIS. By per



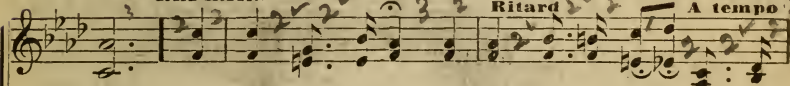
1. Though your sins may be red and like scarlet, Outnum'bring the sands on the
2. Hear the voice that in love now entreats you To en-ter the wide o-pen
3. At the door of your heart Christ is knocking, He of-ten has knocked there be-



shore, Yet thro' Christ and his in-fi-nite mercy, They're cleansed and remembered no door, That will lead to the kingdom of heaven, Where sins are remembered no fore, Let him in, He'll forgive your transgressions, And they'll be remembered no

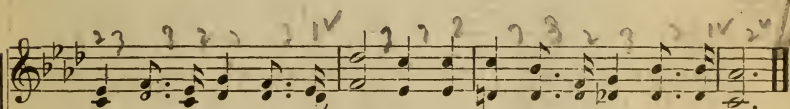
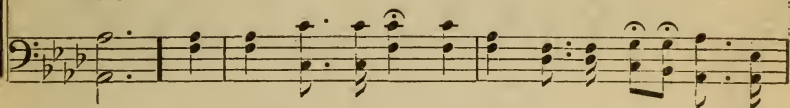


REFRAIN.

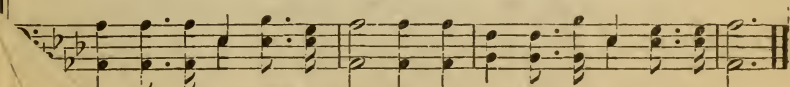


more.
more.
more.

Re - membered no more, Remembered no more, Yet thro'



Christ and his in - fi - nite mer-cy, Your sins are re-mem-bered no more.



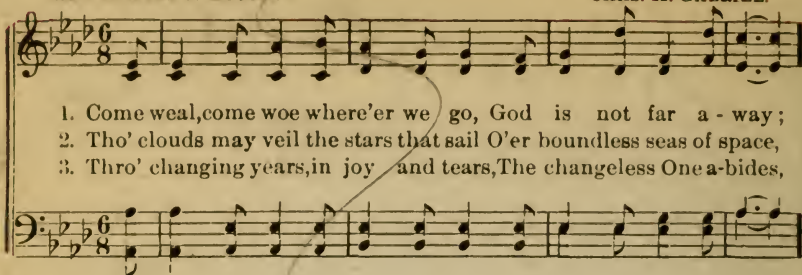
John A. Ford owner

No. 91.

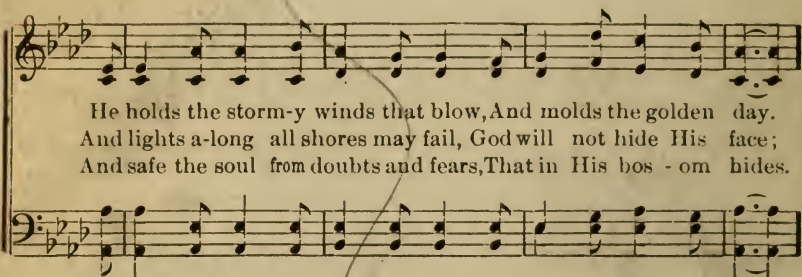
Be Not Afraid.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

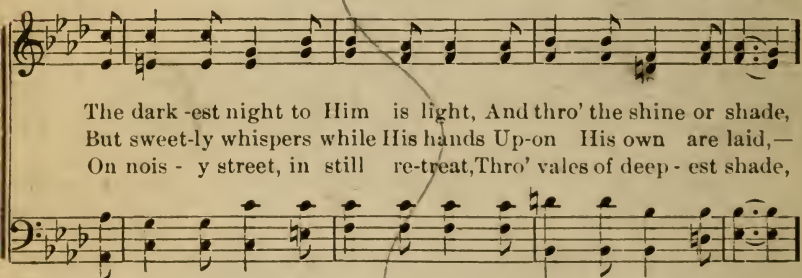
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



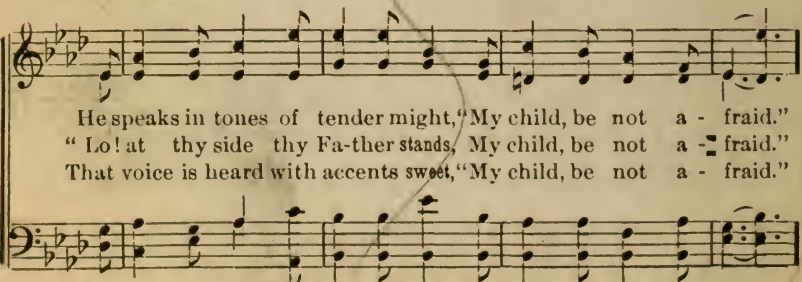
1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a-way;
 2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
 3. Thro' changing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a-bides,



He holds the storm-y winds that blow, And molds the golden day.
 And lights a-long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face;
 And safe the soul from doubts and fears, That in His bos - om hides.



The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,
 But sweet-ly whispers while His hands Up-on His own are laid,—
 On nois - y street, in still re-treat, Thro' vales of deep - est shade,



He speaks in tones of tender might, "My child, be not a - fraid."
 "Lo! at thy side thy Fa-ther stands, My child, be not a - fraid."
 That voice is heard with accents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

Be Not Afraid. Concluded.

Be not a - fraid, Be not a - fraid,
CHORUS. *p* *Cres.*

1st time. Child, be not, be not afraid, Child, be not, be not afraid, The darkest night to
2d time. Child, be not, be not afraid, Child, be not, be not afraid, He speaks in tones of

1st time. 2d time.
Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,
[Omit.] ten-der might, "My child be not a-fraid."

No. 92. Nettleton. 8s & 7s.

R. ROBINSON.

ANON.
Fine.

O thou fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
1. { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }
D.C.—While the hope of endless glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love.

Teach me ev - er to a - dore thee: May I still thy goodness prove,

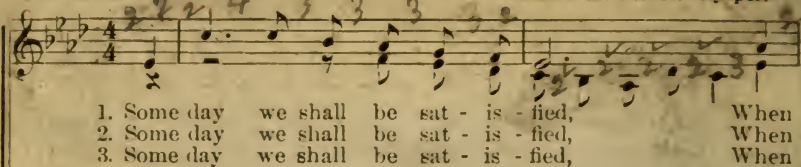
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

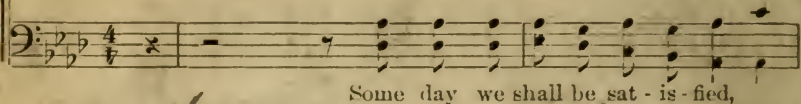
No. 93. We Shall be Satisfied.

F. M. D.

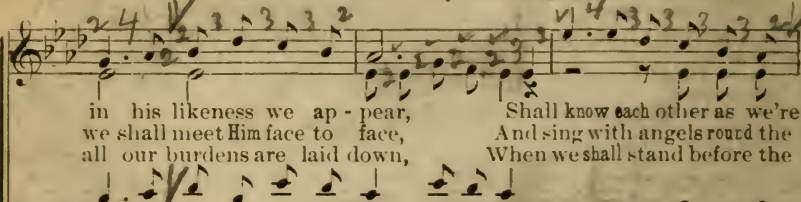
FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



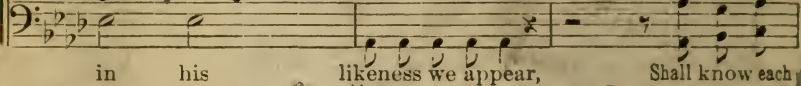
1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When
 2. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When
 3. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When



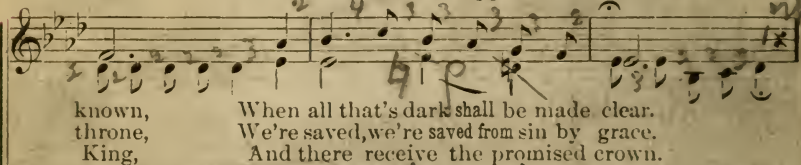
Some day we shall be sat - is - fied,



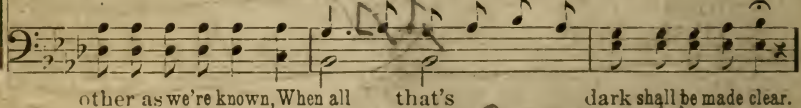
in his likeness we ap - pear, Shall know each other as we're
 we shall meet Him face to face, And sing with angels round the
 all our burdens are laid down, When we shall stand before the



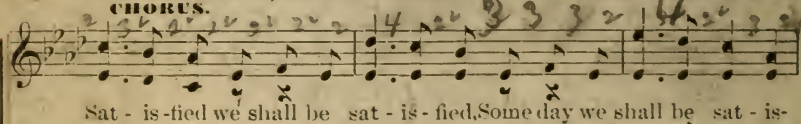
in his likeness we appear, Shall know each



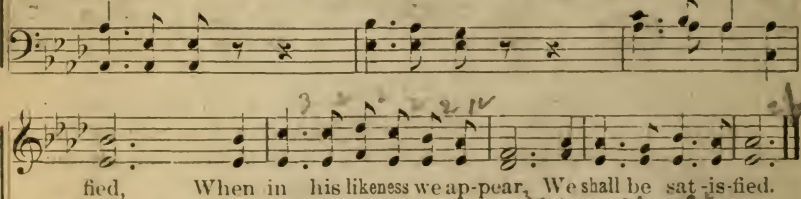
known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.
 throne, We're saved, we're saved from sin by grace.
 King, And there receive the promised crown.



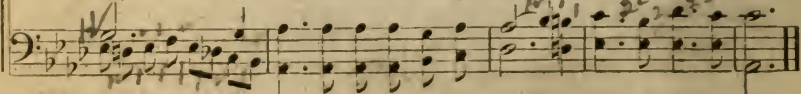
other as we're known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.



CHORUS.
 Sat - is - fied we shall be sat - is - fied, Some day we shall be sat - is -



fied, When in his likeness we ap - pear, We shall be sat - is - fied.

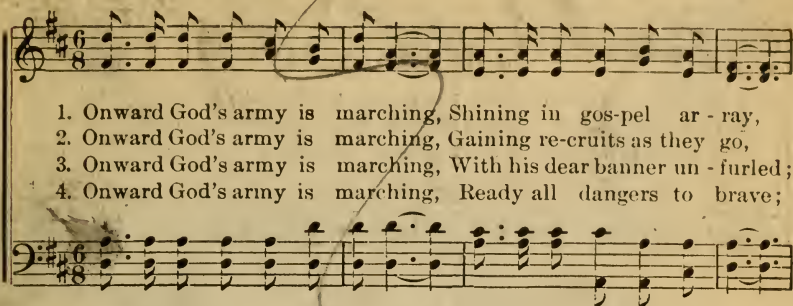


be sat - is - fied,

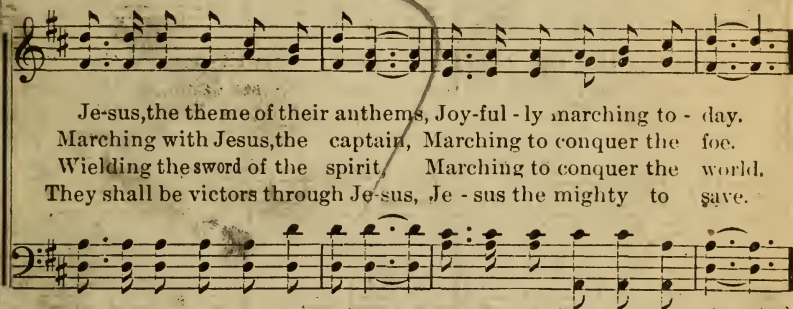
No. 94. God's Army is Marching.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

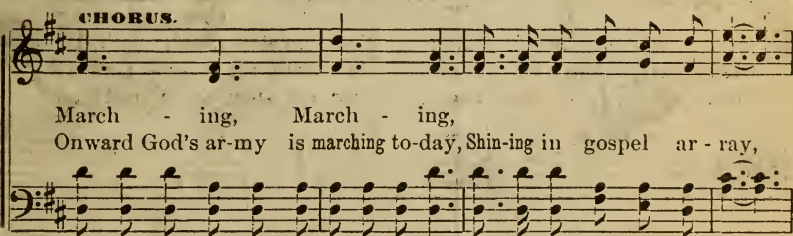


1. Onward God's army is marching, Shining in gos-pel ar-ray,
2. Onward God's army is marching, Gaining re-cruits as they go,
3. Onward God's army is marching, With his dear banner un-furled;
4. Onward God's army is marching, Ready all dangers to brave;

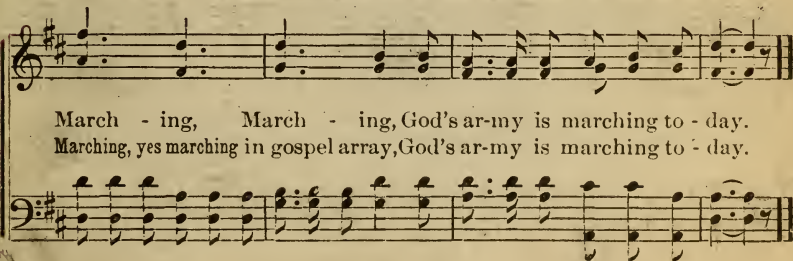


Je-sus, the theme of their anthems, Joy-ful-ly marching to-day.
Marching with Jesus, the captain, Marching to conquer the foe.
Wielding the sword of the spirit, Marching to conquer the world.
They shall be victors through Je-sus, Je-sus the mighty to save.

CHORUS.



March - ing, March - ing,
Onward God's ar-my is marching to-day, Shin-ing in gospel ar-ray,



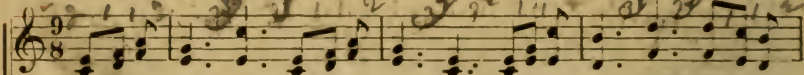
March - ing, March - ing, God's ar-my is marching to-day.
Marching, yes marching in gospel array, God's ar-my is marching to-day.

No. 95.

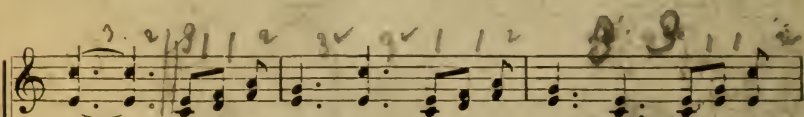
~~Tell Him All.~~

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK

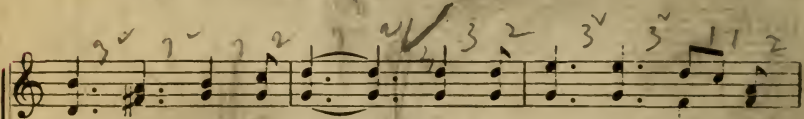
FRANK M. DAVIS, Editor.



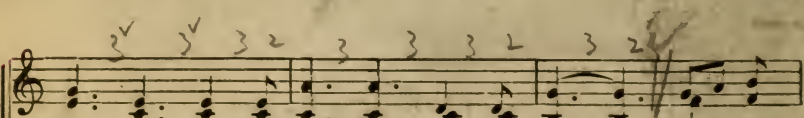
1. Is thy heart with sor - row smit - ten, Has thy gladness tak - en
2. Have ills come in quick suc - ces - sion, Is thy in - most spir - it
3. Must some grief re - main un - spok - en, Is thy soul with burdens



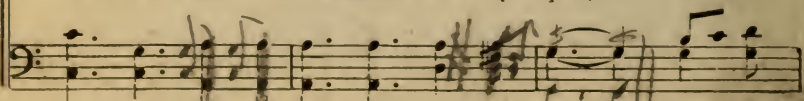
wing, Has the blight of death been writ - ten, Ov - er
grieved, Hast thou lost some dear pos - ses - sion, Of some
weighed, Hast thou had some ev - il to - ken Of a



ev - 'ry cherished thing; Fear no storm, no chill - ing
friend, art thou be - reaved; Je - sus un - der - stands thy
con - fi - dence be - trayed; Fear - est thou some sad to -



weath-er, Noth-ing ev - il can be - fall, All for
loss - es, He re-gards a sparrow's fall, He can
mor - row, Does some threatened woe ap - pall, Tell him



1902 by John L. Hood

3

Tell Him All. Concluded.

3 3 1 5 2 3 5 1 2 3 3 1 2

good shall work to- geth - er, Trust the Lord and tell him all.
 lift thy heav - y cross - es, He will bear them, tell him all.
 who has borne all sor - row, He will com - fort, tell him all.

DS. to de liver, Ever trust and tell him all

CHORUS

Let thy peace flow as a riv - er, God will hear thy faintest

DS

call, He is mighty to de - liv - er, Ev - er trust and tell him

all, Tell him all, tell him all, Ev - er trust and tell him all.

Tell him all, tell him all,

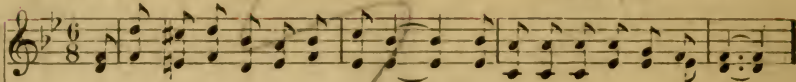
*all for
He can*

No. 96.

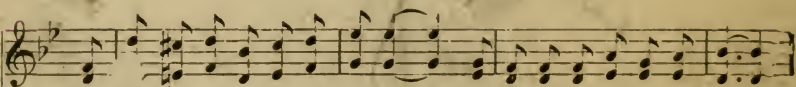
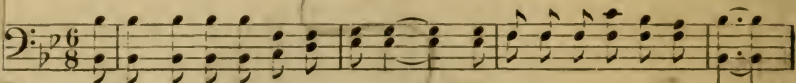
Come to the Fold.

HARRIET E. JONES.

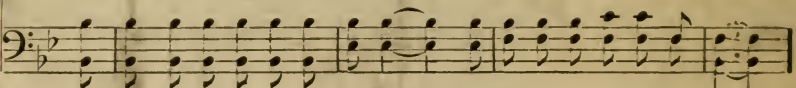
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



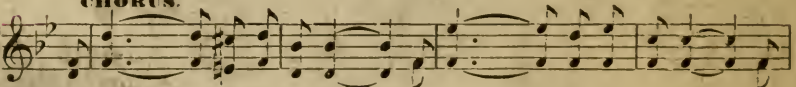
1. O come to the fold of the Shepherd, Who calls you so sweetly to - day,
2. O come to the fold of the Shepherd, O leave the dark mountain of sin,
3. O come to the fold of the Shepherd, Come dwell with the sheep of his care,



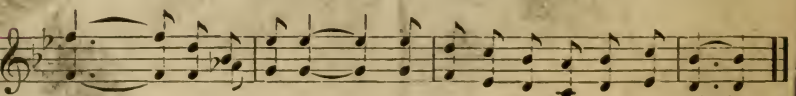
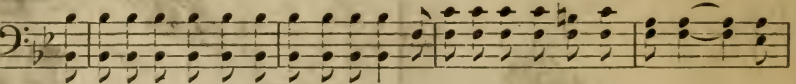
Come journey among the green pastures, And drink from the springs, by the way.
 O come while you may with con-tri-tion, Partake of the pleasures with-in.
 That you, in the fold ov-er yonder, His riches e-ter-nal may share.



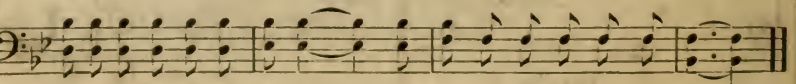
CHORUS.



The Shep-herd is call-ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing, O
 The Shepherd is calling, is calling for thee, The Shepherd is tenderly call-ing, O



come He is call-ing, This moment is call-ing for thee.
 come He is lovingly call-ing, This moment is call-ing for thee.



Will You Come? Concluded.

Will you come? will you come? Oh, ye souls that have seen him re-
Will you come?

vealed in his word! Will you come? will you come?
Will you come? will you come?

No. 99.

Manoah. C. M.

JOSEPH HART.

From ROSSINI, by GREATORREX.

1. That dreadful night before his death, The Lamb for sinners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to remember thee;
3. Thy suff'ring, Lord, each sacred sign To our remembrance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for thee,

Did, al-most with his dy-ing breath, This solemn feast or-dain.
Help each redeemed one to re-peat—For me he died, for me.
We eat the bread and drink the wine, But think on nobler things.
To sing, Ho-san-na to the Lamb, The Lamb that died for me.

No. 100. The Blessing of Song.

C. H.

With expression.

FRED. A. WORDEN.

1. "What a friend we have in Je-sus," Sang a lit-tle child one day,
 2. "Are we weak and hea-vy la-den," He will car-ry ev-'ry woe,
 3. "Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weakness," Weak and worn she turned to God,
 4. And the hap-py child still sing-ing, Lit-tle knew she had a part

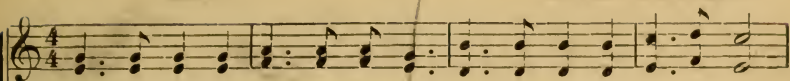
And a wear-y woman listened To the dar-ling's hap-py lay;
 And the one who sad-ly listened, Needed that dear hel-per so;
 Ask-ing Christ to take her bur-den, As he is the sin-ners Lord;
 In God's wond'rous work in bring-ing, Peace un-to the troubled heart;

All her life seemed dark and gloomy, And her heart was sad with care,
 Sin and grief are heavy burdens, For a fainting soul to bear,
 Je-sus was the on-ly re-fuge, He could take her sin and care,
 So may we who love the Saviour, Say to those bowed down with care,

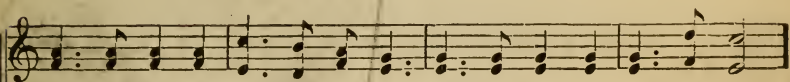
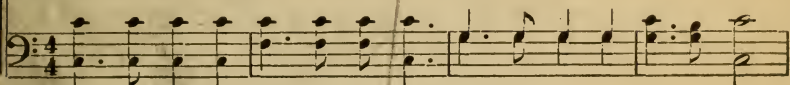
Sweetly rang out ba-by's tre-ble, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."
 But the ba-by singing bade her Take it all to Him in prayer.
 And He blessed the wea-ry woman, When she came to Him in prayer.
 That the Saviour is their re-fuge, They will find a so-lace there.

No. 101. Hear Thy Children.

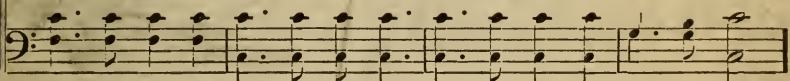
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



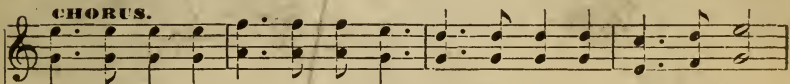
1. God of heaven, hear our sing-ing, On - ly lit - tle ones are we,
2. Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee; Let the world in Thee find rest;
3. Let the sweet and joy - ful sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous love,



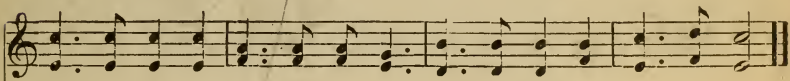
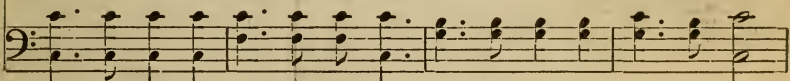
Yet a great pe - ti - tion bringing, Fa - ther now we come to Thee.
Let all know Thee and o - bey Thee, Loving, praising, bless-ing, blest.
Wake on earth a song of glo - ry, Like the angels' song a - bove.



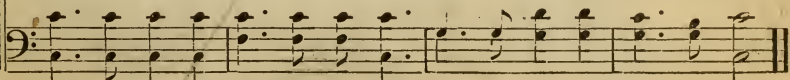
CHORUS.



Hear Thy children, blessed Fa - ther, Sing-ing, praying, Lord, we come;



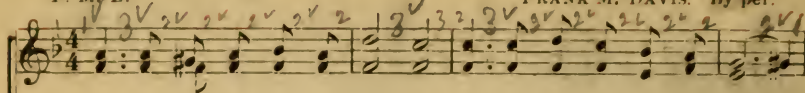
Teach us, Master, how to serve Thee, How to gain a heavenly home.



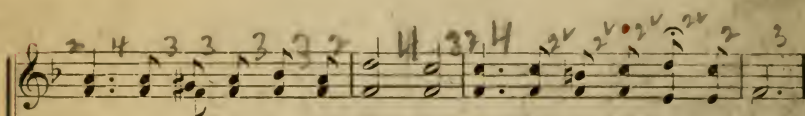
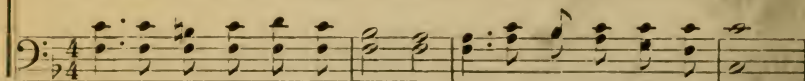
No. 102. The Angel Reapers.

F. M. D.

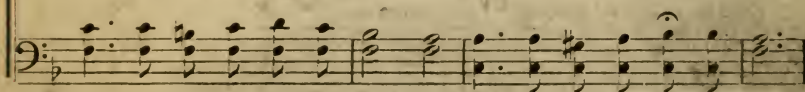
FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



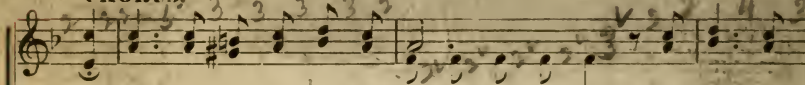
1. Sowing for the an - gel reap-ers, Weal or woe, what'er it be;
2. Sowing for the an - gel reap-ers, Tho' it good or e - vil be;
3. Sowing for the an - gel reap-ers, Soon the yield will gathered be;



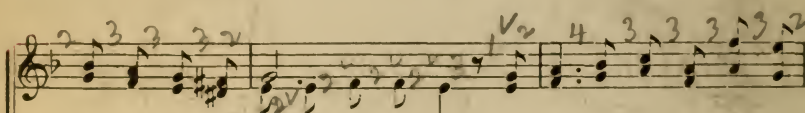
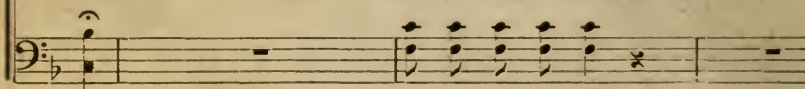
What, O what will be the har - vest, Gathered for e - ter - ni - ty?
 Let us ponder well while sow-ing, Sow-ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Then the question will be answered, Where we'll spend e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Oh, when the an - gel reapers come To gath - er
 an - gel reapers come



in the gold-en sheaves, Will you and I be ladened
 in the gold-en sheaves,



When the Angel Reapers. Concluded.

well, Or noth - ing bring but worthless leaves?
yes, be ladened well, worthless leaves.

No. 103. Olivet. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace in - part, Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

Sav-iour di-vine : Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away;
My zeal in-spire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee
Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then in love, Fear and distress remove;

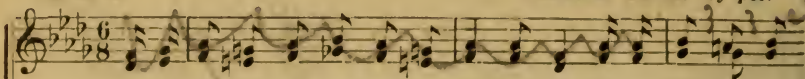
O let me, from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
Pure, warm, and changeless be— A liv - ing fire.
Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
O bear me safe a - bove— A ran-somed soul.

No. 104.

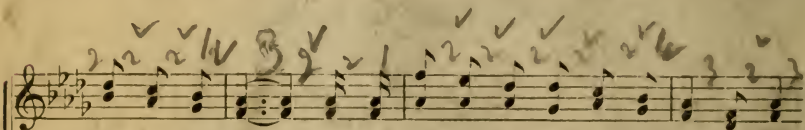
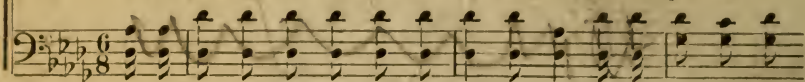
Gliding Away.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS. by per.



1. We are gliding a-way from the vale of time, We are gliding a -
 2. We are gliding a-way to the Summer-land Where our loved ones have
 3. We are gliding a-way from the dark and cold, To the por-tals of

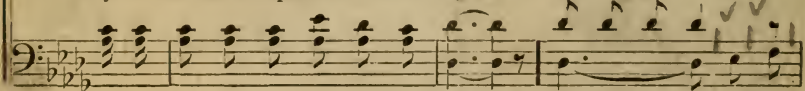


way o'er the sea, To the beau-ti - ful shore in a fair-er clime,
 gone on be - fore; Soon our barks will be moored on the shining strand
 gladness and light; In the home of the soul we shall soon behold

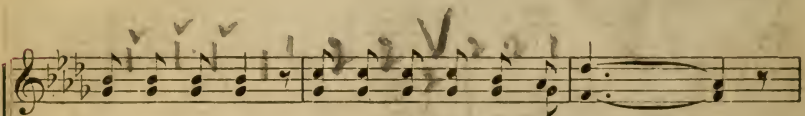


CHORUS.

Where the dwellers from sorrow are free.
 Of the beau-ti - ful ev - er-green shore. Gliding a - way,
 Joy-ful scenes of suprise and de - light.



Glid - - ing a -



glid-ing a - way, Glid-ing a - way o'er the sea,

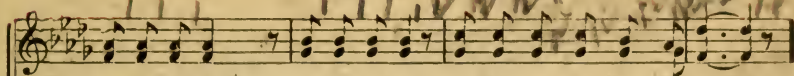


way,

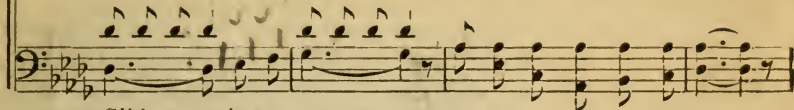
o'er the sea,

Copyright 1900 by L. H. Wood

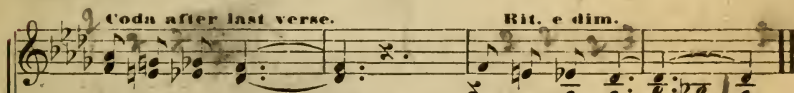
Gliding Away. Concluded.



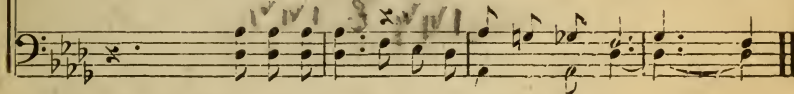
Gliding a-way, gliding a-way, Gliding a - way o'er the sea.



Glid - - ing a - way, . . .



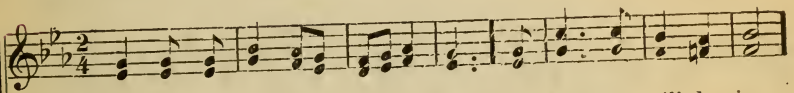
Glid-ing a - way, . . . glid-ing a - way. . . .
Gliding a-way, gliding a-way, a - way, a - way.



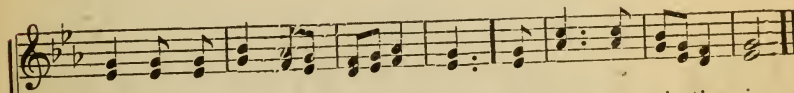
CHORUS.

No. 105. Naomi. C. M.

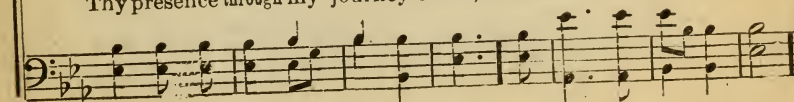
H. G. NAGELI.



1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry murmur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death at-tend;



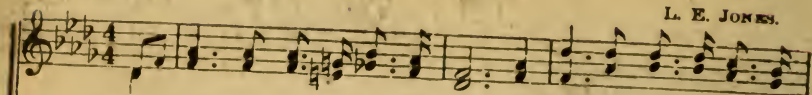
Ac-cep-ted at thy throne of grace. Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.
Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.



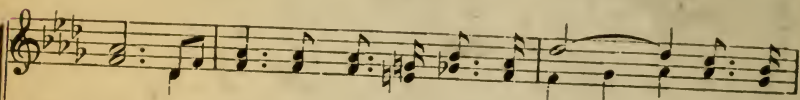
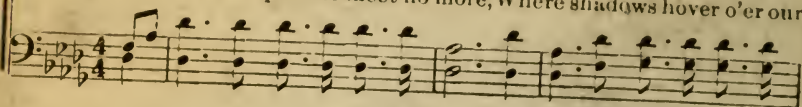
No. 106. Bind Us With the Cords of Love.

L. E. JONES.

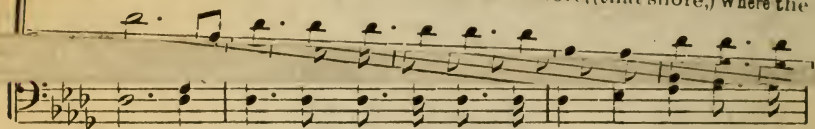
L. E. JONES.



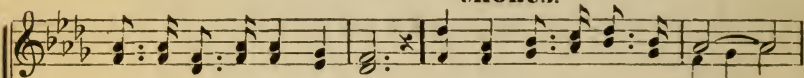
1. May we be bound with cords of love; Although the parting hour is
2. May we soon meet a-gain be-low, If such Thy will, dear Father
3. If now, we part to meet no more, Where shadows hover o'er our



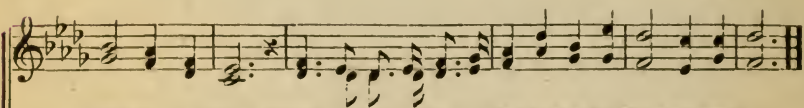
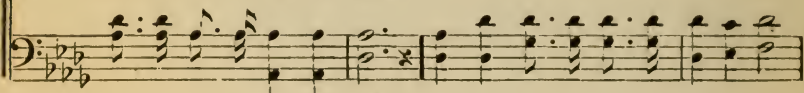
come, May He who rules the world a - bove, (a - bove,) Keep us
be; And e'er in thought and ac-tion show, (e'er show,) Love and
way. May we be gathered to that shore, (that shore,) Where the



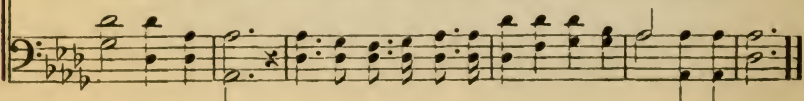
CHORUS.



safe-ly as we journey home.
grat-i-tude, dear Lord to Thee. Bind us with the cords of love,
Saviour reigns in endless day. of love,



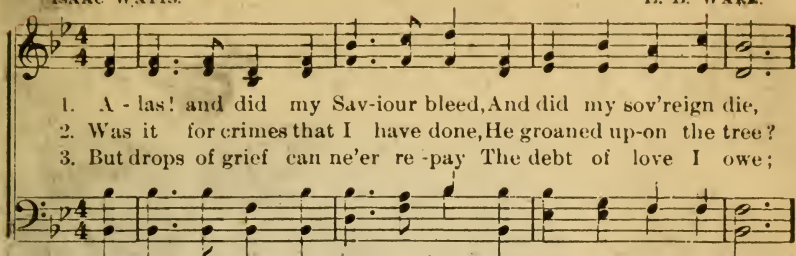
Clos-er to Thee; Keep us safely in Thy tender care, For Thine we would be.



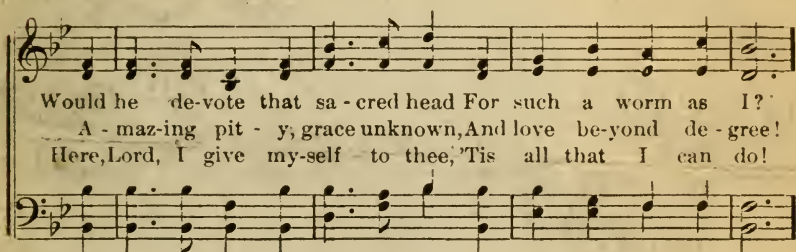
No. 107. At the Cross Where Jesus Died.

ISAAC WATTS.

E. B. WARE.

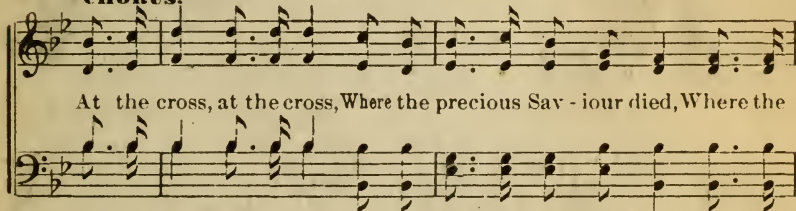


1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my sov'reign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

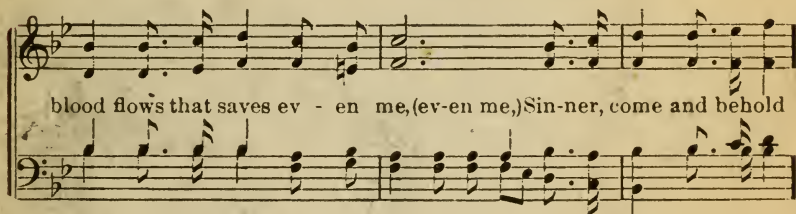


Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self to thee, 'Tis all that I can do!

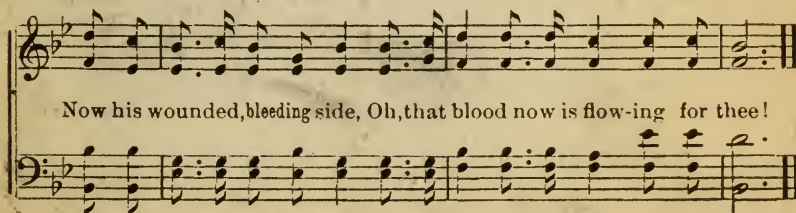
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, Where the precious Sav - iour died, Where the



blood flows that saves ev - en me, (ev-en me,) Sin-ner, come and behold



Now his wounded, bleeding side, Oh, that blood now is flow-ing for thee!

No. 108.

Somewhere.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. In that glorious morning bright, We shall be ar-rayed in white,
 2. We shall join the an - gel band, And with harp and crown shall stand
 3. We shall gather on the shore, When the cares of life are o'er,
 4. With the saints of oth - er days, We shall sing the Saviour's praise,

Filled with gladness and de - light, In the bliss - ful some - where.
 Near the throne of God's right hand, In the gold - en some - where.
 And the tears shall fall no more; We shall gather some - where.
 And the sweetest anthems raise; We shall worship some - where.

CHORUS

Somewhere, somewhere somewhere, somewhere,
 Some - where, . . . some - where, . . . Bowing
 low . . . be - fore the King . . . Strains of

Bow - ing low be - fore the King,
 low . . . be - fore the King . . . Strains of

Somewhere. Concluded.

Strains of mel-o-dy, of mel-o-dy will ring, While the arch above shall
mel o-dy will ring, While the arch above shall

ring, above shall ring, Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere.
ring, Some-where, Some-where. . . .

No. 109. Love's Sweet Lesson.

Adapted by J. H. F.

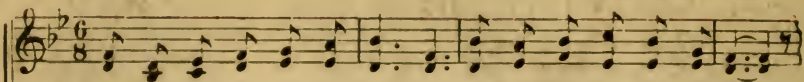
1. Sav-iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o-bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bid-ding may I move;
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol-low in thy grace;
4. Love in lov-ing finds employ—In o-be-dience all her joy;

Sweet-er les-son can-not be—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low thee—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Learn-ing how to love from thee—Lov-ing him who first loved me.
Ev-er new that joy will be—Lov-ing him who first loved me.

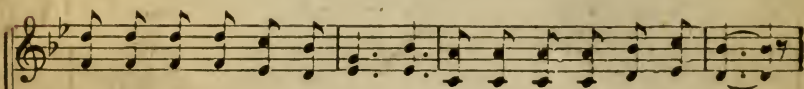
No. 110. Come While You May.

F. M. D.

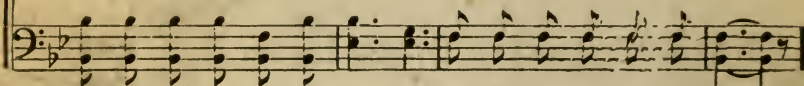
FRANK M. DAVIS.



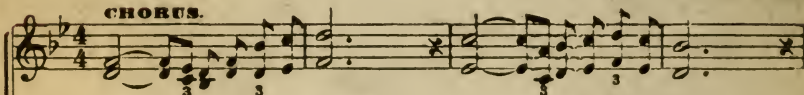
1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call - ing, Calling from o - ver the sea,
2. Come, he is ten-der-ly say - ing, Wander no long-er a - way,
3. Come while he's earnestly plead-ing, Come from the darkness of sin,



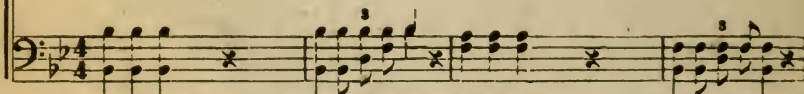
Hear the sweet accents now fall - ing, Come weary ones un - to me.
Cease from your long weary stray-ing, Come to the Saviour to - day.
Come and your Lord's command heeding, Quickly a new life be - gin.



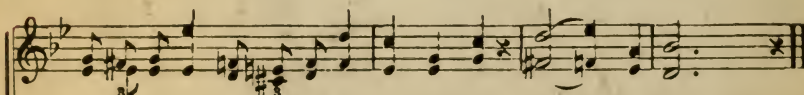
CHORUS.



Come, O come while you may, Come and seek him to-day,



Come, O come, Come, come while you may, Come, O come, Come seek him today,



Come while you may, Seek him to-day, Come, O come, come to - day.



come to-day.

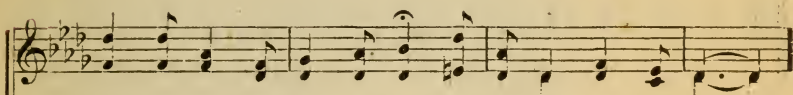
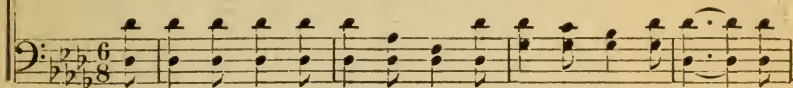
No. 111. They Never Say Good By.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

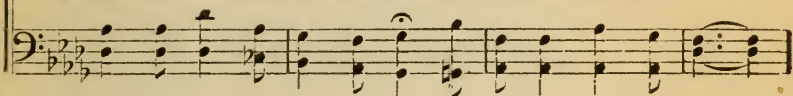
FRED. A. WORDEN.



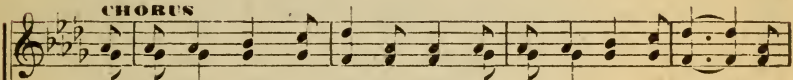
1. There is a land di - vine-ly fair, That never knows a sigh, Where
2. Beyond the banks of Jordan's stream, Beyond this earthly sky, Where
3. That land beyond our mor-tal sight, We see with faith's clear eye, Where



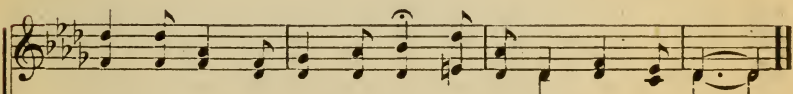
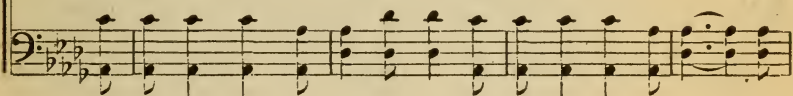
loved ones meet to part no more, To nev - er say good by.
an-gels strike their harps of gold, They nev - er say good by.
saints who've joined the blood washed throng, Will nev - er say good by.



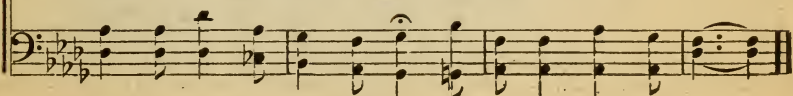
CHORUS



They nev - er say good by in heav'n, They never say good by, Where



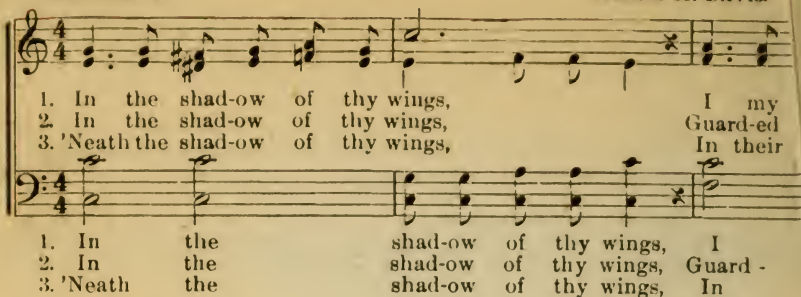
all is love in realms a - bove, They nev - er say good - by.



No. 112. In the Shadow of Thy Wings.

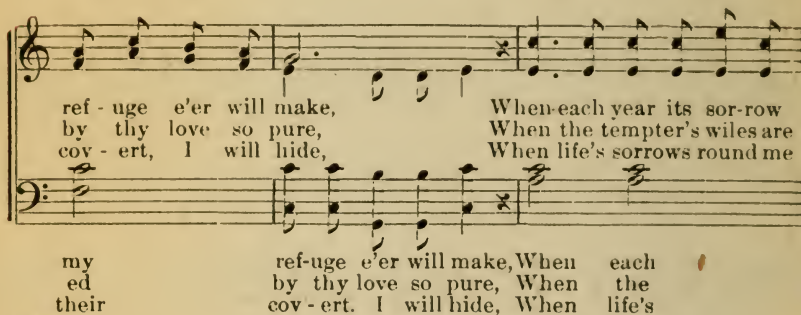
IDA L. REED.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



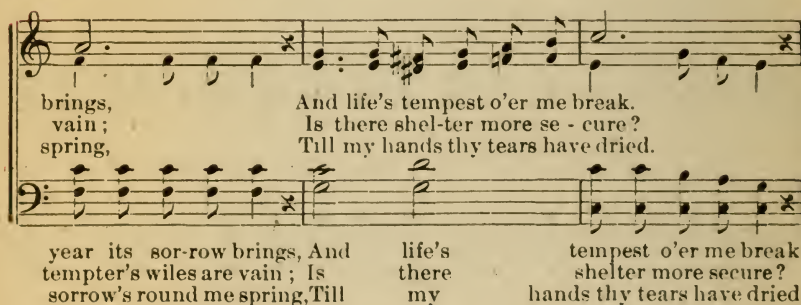
1. In the shad-ow of thy wings, I my
 2. In the shad-ow of thy wings, Guard-ed
 3. 'Neath the shad-ow of thy wings, In their

1. In the shad-ow of thy wings, I
 2. In the shad-ow of thy wings, Guard -
 3. 'Neath the shad-ow of thy wings, In



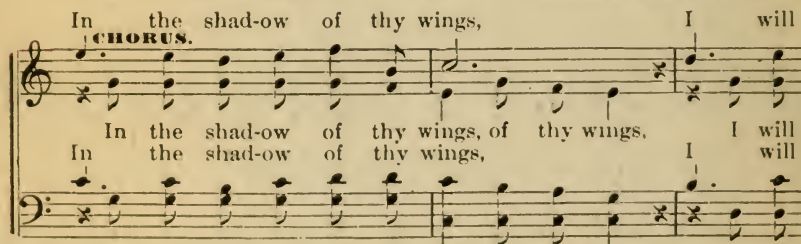
ref-uge e'er will make, When each year its sor-row
 by thy love so pure, When the tempter's wiles are
 cov-ert, I will hide, When life's sorrows round me

my ed their ref-uge e'er will make, When each
 by thy love so pure, When the
 cov-ert. I will hide, When life's



brings, And life's tempest o'er me break.
 vain; Is there shel-ter more se-cure?
 spring, Till my hands thy tears have dried.

year its sor-row brings, And life's tempest o'er me break.
 tempter's wiles are vain; Is there shelter more secure?
 sorrow's round me spring, Till my hands thy tears have dried.



In the shad-ow of thy wings, I will
CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of thy wings, of thy wings, I will
 In the shad-ow of thy wings, I will

In the shad-ow of thy wings, of thy wings, I will
 Copyright, 1892, by Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

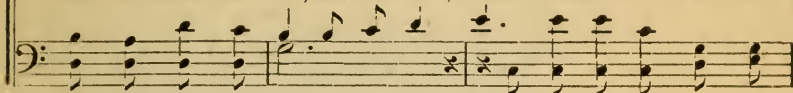
In the Shadow of Thy Wings. Concluded.

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me



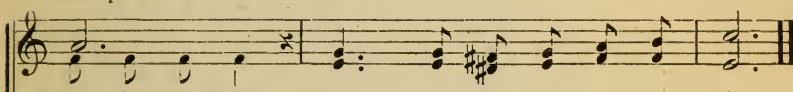
rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

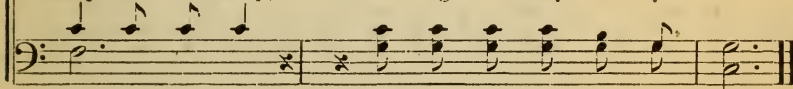


rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

sweep,



sweep, o'er me sweep, Bend - ing to thy ho - ly will.



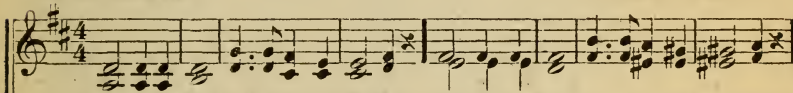
sweep,

Bend-ing to thy ho - ly will.

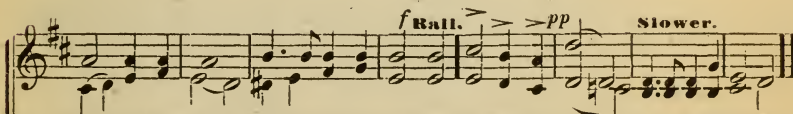
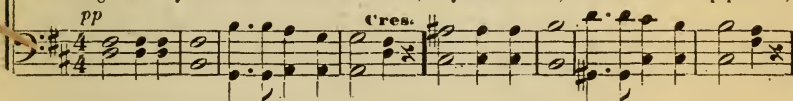
No. 113. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

E. H. DAYMAN.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



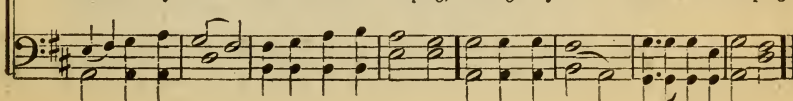
1. Sleep thy last sleep, free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, till th' eternal morrow:
2. Life's dream is past, all its sin, its sadness; Brightly at last dawns a day of gladness:
3. Though we may mourn those in life the dearest, They shall return, Christ when thou ap-pearest;



Though dark waves roll o'er the si-lent riv-er, Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.

Under the sod, earth receive our treasure, To rest in God, waiting all his pleasure.

Soon shall thy voice comfort those now weeping, Bidding re-joice all in Jesus sleeping.



No. 114. Try to Save Some One.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Wounded and dy - ing on Jer - i - cho's road, Thousands of
 2. Few the Sa - mar - i - tans bring - ing re - lief, Pass o'er the
 3. Are we neg - lect - ing our du - ty so great? Have we good
 4. How can we meet our dear Sav - iour at last, Fail - ing to

precious ones lay; Shall we, like Le-vites, pass care-less-ly by?
 Jer - i - cho way; Shall we not, Christians, in du - ty go down
 cause for de - lay? Shall we not haste, ere the time be too late,
 do his com-mands, If, aft - er life and its toil-ing are past,

CHORUS.

Or try to save some one to - day? Try to save some one,
 And try to save some one to - day?
 And try to save some one to - day?
 We come with no sheaves in our hands? Try to save some one, some one.

Try to save some one, Try to save some one to - day;
 Try to save some one, some one,

Ad lib.

Shall we, like Le-vites, pass care-less-ly by, Or try to save some one to - day?

No. 115. Rock in the Desert.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. O Rock in the des-ert, I fly un-to thee, When tempest and
2. O Rock in the des-ert, my ref-uge and all, I hide in my
3. O Rock in the des-ert that gives perfect peace, That bringeth a

storms sweep my sky, I hide in the cleft that was riv-en for me,
weak-ness in thee; Thy love is a shield and I find sweet re-pose,
joy to my soul; I rest in thy shad-ow, I hide in thy cleft,

CHORUS.

For safe-ty on thee I re-ly.
Where grace is a-bun-dant and free. O Rock in the des-ert, I'm
Thy love does my spir-it con-trol.

hid-ing in thee, Till the storms of life's journey are past; Thou Rock of my

ref-uge, my soul safe-ly keep, O re-ceive it in heav-en at last.

No. 116.

Angel Voices.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Just a-cross the si-lent riv-er Is a house not made with hands,
 2. Just a-cross the si-lent riv-er There's a harp of shin-ing gold,
 3. Just a-cross the si-lent riv-er, In the un-dis-cov-ered land,

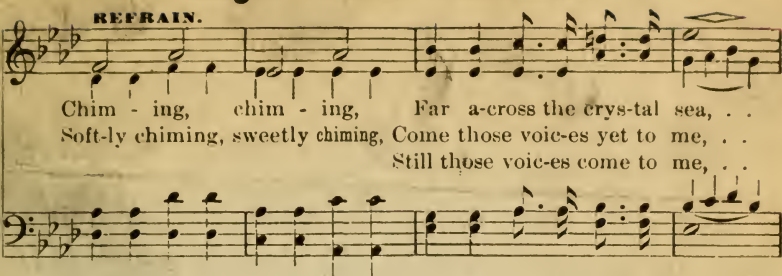
And the peace which God hath spoken Soft-ly rests o'er all its lands;
 Wait-ing till my ransomed spir-it Shall its mel-o - dy un - fold;
 There are liv - ing wa-ters flow-ing Soft - ly o'er the gold-en sand;

And I hear sweet an-gel voic-es Chim-ing o'er the crys-tal sea, . .
 Still I hear the an-gel voic-es Chim-ing o'er the crys-tal sea, . .
 And I hear the an-gel voic-es Ring-ing o'er the crys-tal sea, . .

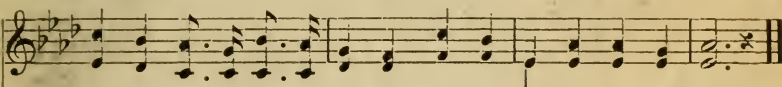
"In that land of light and beauty, There's a mansion bright, for thee."
 "In those pearly mansions yonder, There's a harp laid up for thee."
 "There's a robe of won-drous white-ness, In those man-sions bright, for thee."

Angel Voices. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



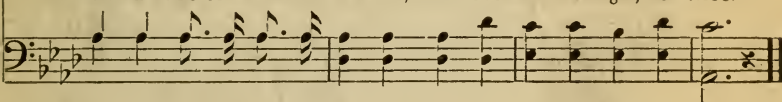
Chim - ing, chim - ing, Far a-cross the crys-tal sea, . .
Soft-ly chiming, sweetly chiming, Come those voic-es yet to me, . .
Still those voic-es come to me, . .



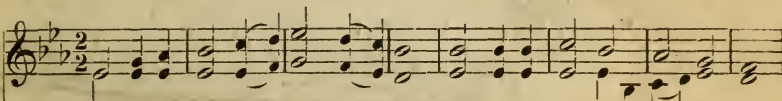
"In that land of light and beauty, There's a mansion bright, for thee."

"In those pearly mansions yonder, There's a harp laid up for thee."

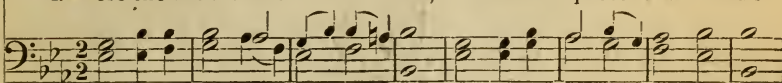
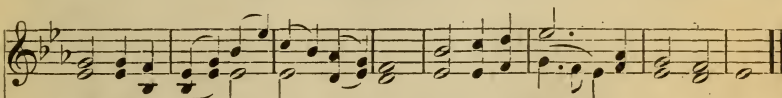
"There's a robe of won-drous white-ness, In those mansions bright, for thee."



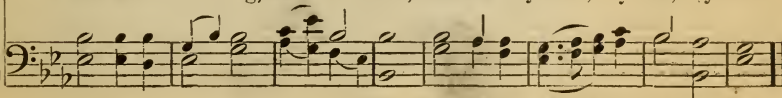
No. 117. Duke Street. L. M.



1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord ;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri*fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

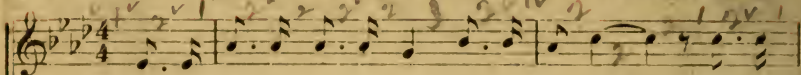


No. 118. Come and Help Us.

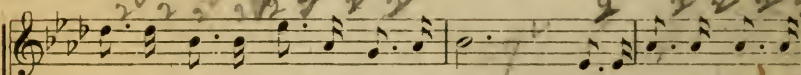
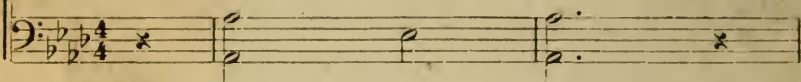
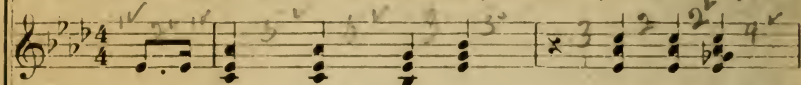
F. M. D.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

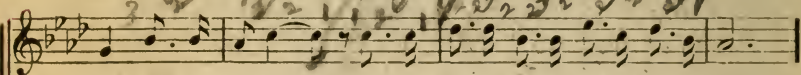
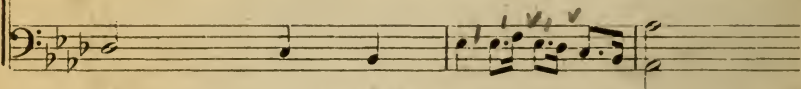
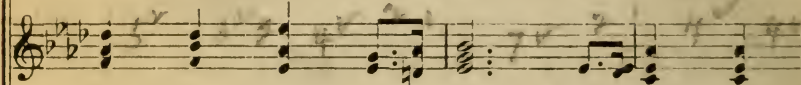
FRANK M. DAVIS.



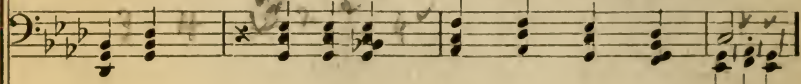
1. There's an ear-nest call for light from the mil-lions Grop-ing
2. From the east and from the west hear it ring-ing From the
3. Shall the mil-lions far and near be sur-ren-dered To the
4. Christian sol-diers then a-rise to your du-ty. Give your



in the darkened ways of er-ror's night, 'Tis the Mac-e-don-ian
dis-tant lands beyond the restless sea, Bring to us the gos-pel
ev-il pow'rs that have them now enslaved, Will redeemed ones of the
ser-vice and your gold un-to the Lord, For the world must be for



cry still re-sound-ing, Come and help us, O ye heralds of the light.
light of sal-va-tion, From our cruel bondage we would now be free.
Lord wait and fal-ter When the millions all around them are unsaved?
God, won and con-quer'd Through the saving pow-er of his mighty word.



①

John H. Ward, owner

Come and Help us. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Come and help us, O ye heralds of the light, Come and
 Come and help us O ye heralds of the light, Come and
 help us out from sin and error's night, Who will heed this cry, coming
 help us out from
 over land and sea, Who will go to-day, who will set these captives free.

No. 119.

Rest. L. M.

Key of D.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wake to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes!</p> <p>2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet;
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death has lost its venom'd sting!</p> | <p>3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.</p> <p>4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.</p> |
|--|---|

MARGARET MACKAY.

No. 120. Nearer, My God to Thee.

Key of G.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee;
 E'en though it be a cross,
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 ¶ Nearer, my God, to Thee, ¶
 Nearer to Thee.</p> | <p>2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 ¶ Nearer, my God, to Thee, ¶
 Nearer to Thee.</p> |
|--|--|
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven,
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 ¶ Nearer, my God, to Thee, ¶
 Nearer to Thee.

No. 121. The Master's Voice is Calling.

JENNIE WILSON.

MRS. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. The Mas - ter's voice is call - ing, call - ing, O i - dler,
2. The Mas - ter's voice is call - ing, call - ing, O err - ing
3. The Mas - ter's voice is call - ing, call - ing, O soul who

wait-ing stand no more; Go to the har-vest field and la - bor,
one, gone far as - tray, Wilt thou not heed his tones in - vit - ing
sorrow's cross doth bear, He bids thee come to him for com-fort,

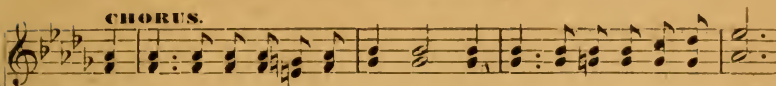
Un - til thy day of life is o'er. The grain is read-y for the
Thee from thy guilt to turn a - way. Wilt thou not leave thy sin - ful
And cast on him thy weight of care. O lean up - on the arm e -

reap-ing, The work is great and needeth thee; O haste the
pathway, A - mid its snares no more to roam? Wilt thou not
ter - nal, In weakness cling to strength di-vine; List to his

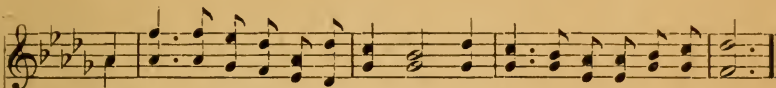
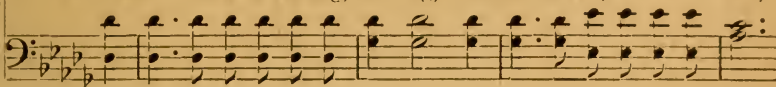
ri-pened sheaves to gather For gar - ners of e - ter - ni - ty.
en-ter Christ's pure kingdom, There find - ing refuge, rest and home?
accents sweetly say - ing, Trust on till heav-en's joy is thine.

The Master's Voice is Calling. Concluded.

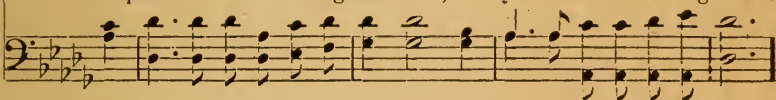
CHORUS.



The Master's voice is calling, call-ing, O child of earth, wheree'er thou art;



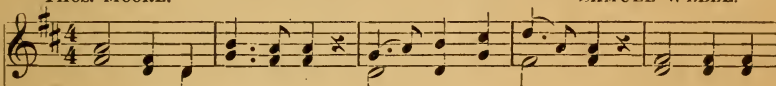
He speaks to thee in loving kindness, O-bey him with a willing heart.



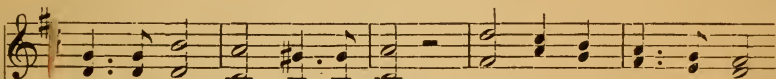
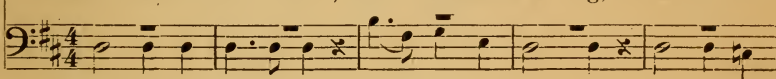
No. 122. Consolation. 10s & 11s.

THOS. MOORE.

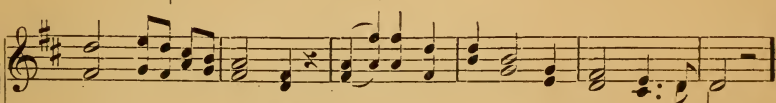
SAMUEL WEBBE.



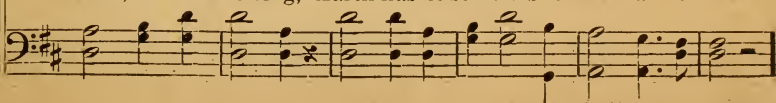
1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where-e'er ye lan-guish, Come, at the
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing, Forth from the



shrine of God fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove! Come to the feast of love,



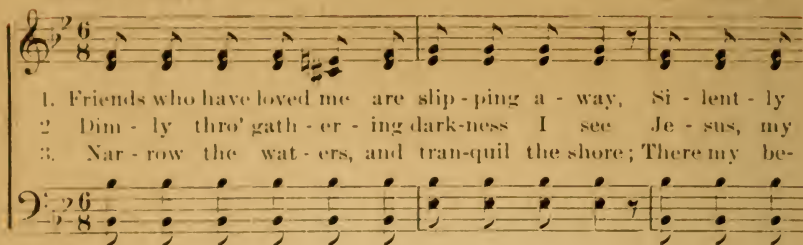
here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.
ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.
come, ev-er knowing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.



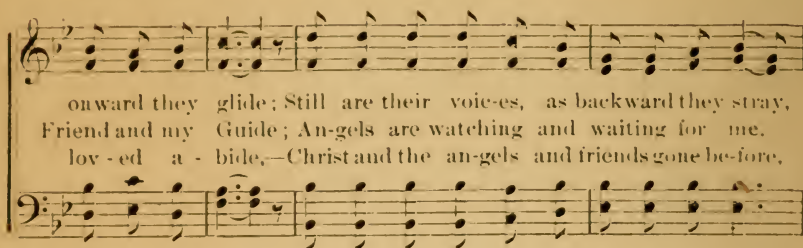
No. 123. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

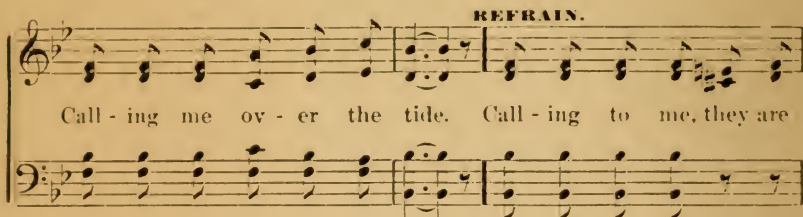


1. Friends who have loved me are slip - ping a - way, Si - lent - ly
 2. Dim - ly thro' gath - er - ing dark - ness I see Je - sus, my
 3. Nar - row the wat - ers, and tran - quil the shore; There my be -

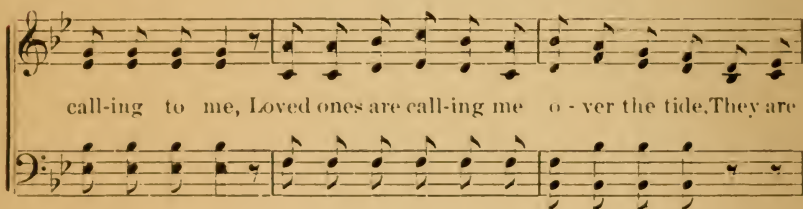


onward they glide; Still are their voic - es, as backward they stray,
 Friend and my Guide; An - gels are watching and waiting for me,
 lov - ed a - bide, — Christ and the an - gels and friends gone be - fore,

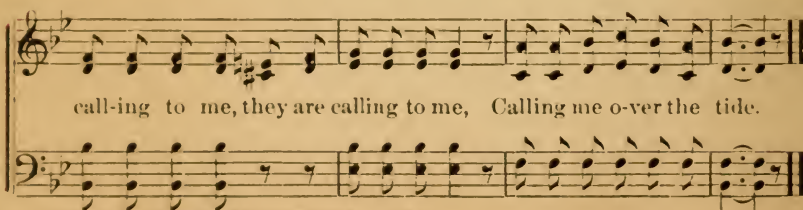
REFRAIN.



Call - ing me ov - er the tide. Call - ing to me, they are



call - ing to me, Loved ones are call - ing me o - ver the tide. They are



call - ing to me, they are calling to me, Calling me o - ver the tide.

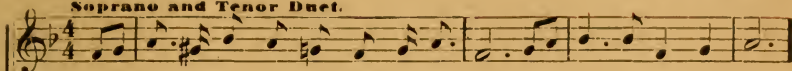
No. 124.

Beyond.

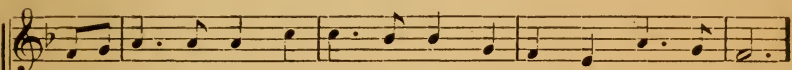
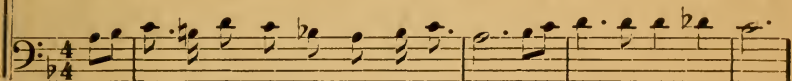
W. H. GARDNER.

J. D. PATTON.

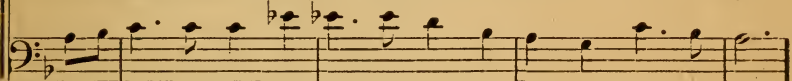
Soprano and Tenor Duet.



1. There is a world where sorrow never comes, Where weeping ne'er is heard,
2. There is a world where hearts can never break, Where bitter-ness ne'er comes,
3. There is a golden shore whereon some day Our shatter'd barks shall land,
4. The way is rough, life's hill is hard to climb, But, dear ones, list to me!



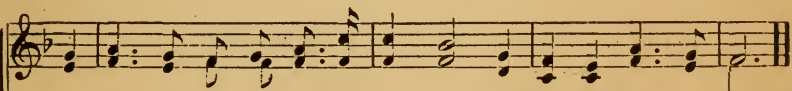
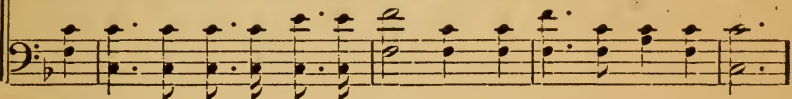
And O, I long to hasten there Like some home fly-ing bird.
 And O, there in that realm of light, Are our de-part-ed ones.
 And dear ones then will meet us there, And clasp us by the hand.
 There's peace and rest for you beyond, For all eter-ni-ty.



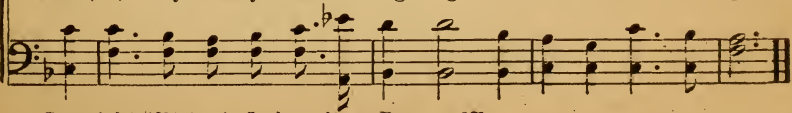
CHORUS.



Be-yond the shadows and the darkness, There is a home of light,



And, O, my wear-y heart is long-ing To hast-en there to night.

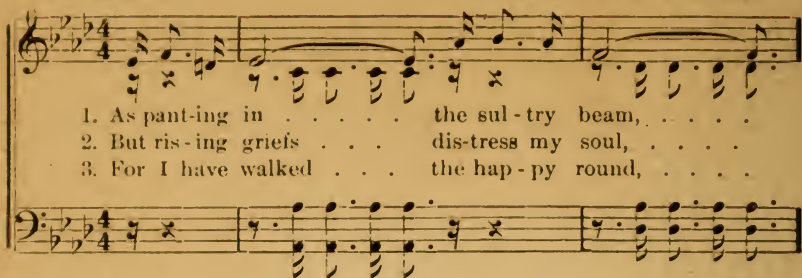


No. 125.

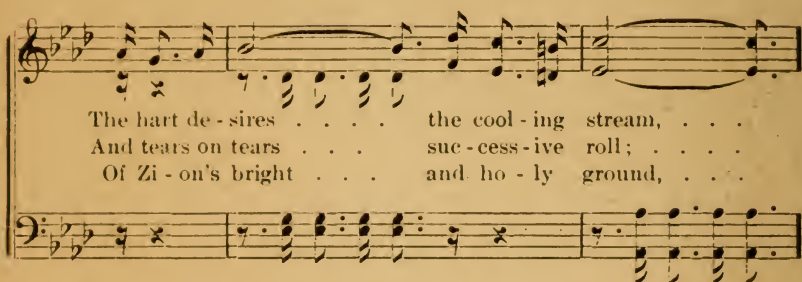
Turn, Turn to Him.

Arr. by H. A. L.

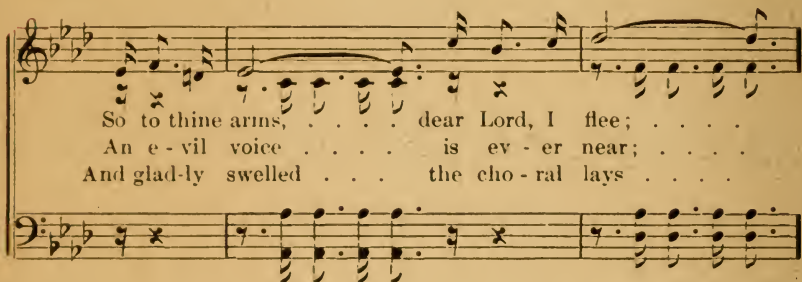
HENRY A. LEWIS. By per.



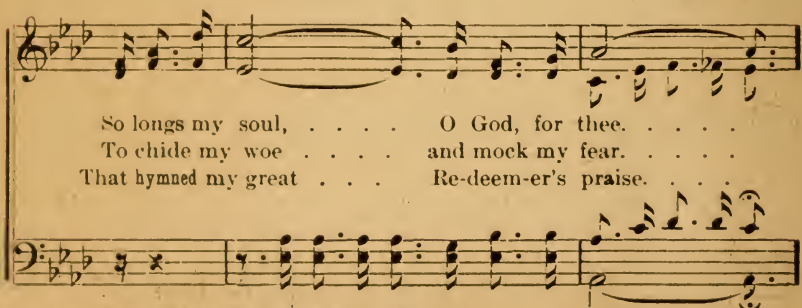
1. As pant-ing in the sul-try beam,
 2. But ris-ing griefs dis-tress my soul,
 3. For I have walked the hap-py round,



The hart de-sires the cool-ing stream,
 And tears on tears suc-cess-ive roll;
 Of Zi-on's bright and ho-ly ground,



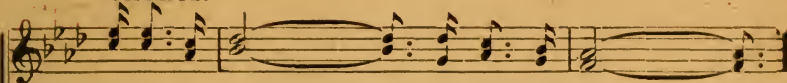
So to thine arms, dear Lord, I flee;
 An e-vil voice is ev-er near;
 And glad-ly swelled the cho-ral lays



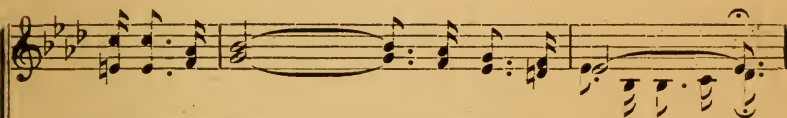
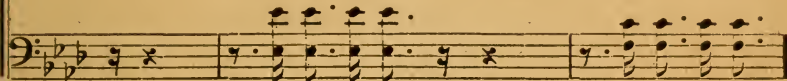
So longs my soul, O God, for thee.
 To chide my woe and mock my fear.
 That hymned my great Re-deem-er's praise.

Turn, Turn to Him. Concluded.

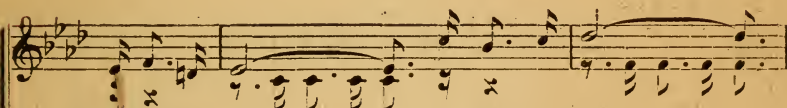
CHORUS.



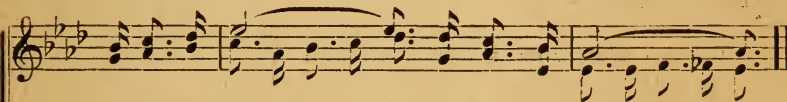
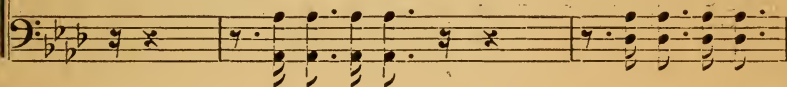
Turn, turn to him in ev - 'ry pain,
Turn, turn to him in ev - 'ry pain,



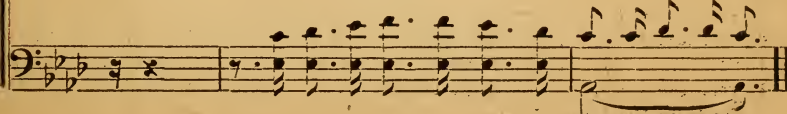
Whom suppliants ne'er have sought in vain,
Whom suppliants ne'er have sought in vain,



Thy strength in joy's ec - stat - ic day,
Thy strength in joy's ec-stat - ic day,



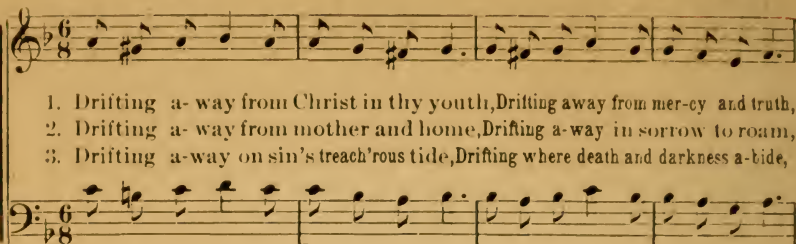
Thy hope, when joy has passed a - way.
Thy hope when joy has passed away.



No. 126. Drifting Away From God.

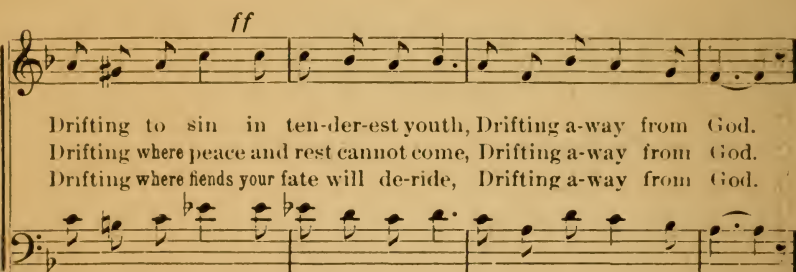
MRS. J. A. GRIFFITH.

P. BILHORN. By per.



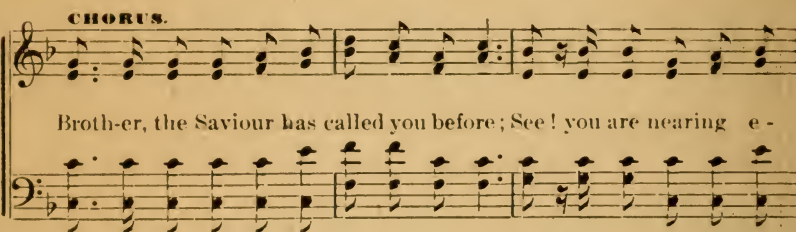
1. Drifting a-way from Christ in thy youth, Drifting away from mer-cy and truth,
 2. Drifting a-way from mother and home, Drifting a-way in sorrow to roam,
 3. Drifting a-way on sin's treach'rous tide, Drifting where death and darkness a-bide,

ff



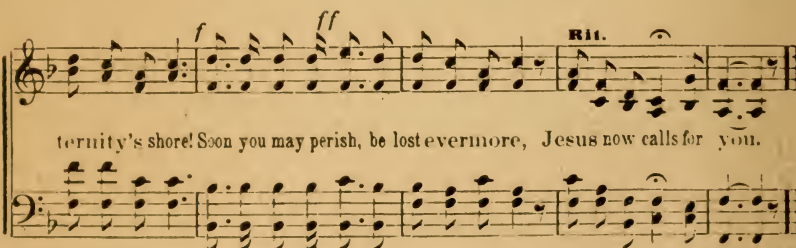
Drifting to sin in ten-der-est youth, Drifting a-way from God.
 Drifting where peace and rest cannot come, Drifting a-way from God.
 Drifting where fiends your fate will de-ride, Drifting a-way from God.

CHORUS.



Broth-er, the Saviour has called you before; See! you are nearing e -

f *ff* **RII.**



ternity's shore! Soon you may perish, be lost evermore, Jesus now calls for you.

Copyright, 1891, by P. Bilhorn.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 4 Drifting away from hope's blessed shore,
Drifting away where wild breakers roar;
Drifted and stranded, wreck'd evermore,
Far from the light of God. | 5 Why will you drift on billows of shame,
Spurning His grace again and again?
Soon you'll be lost! in sin to remain,
Ever away from God. |
|--|---|

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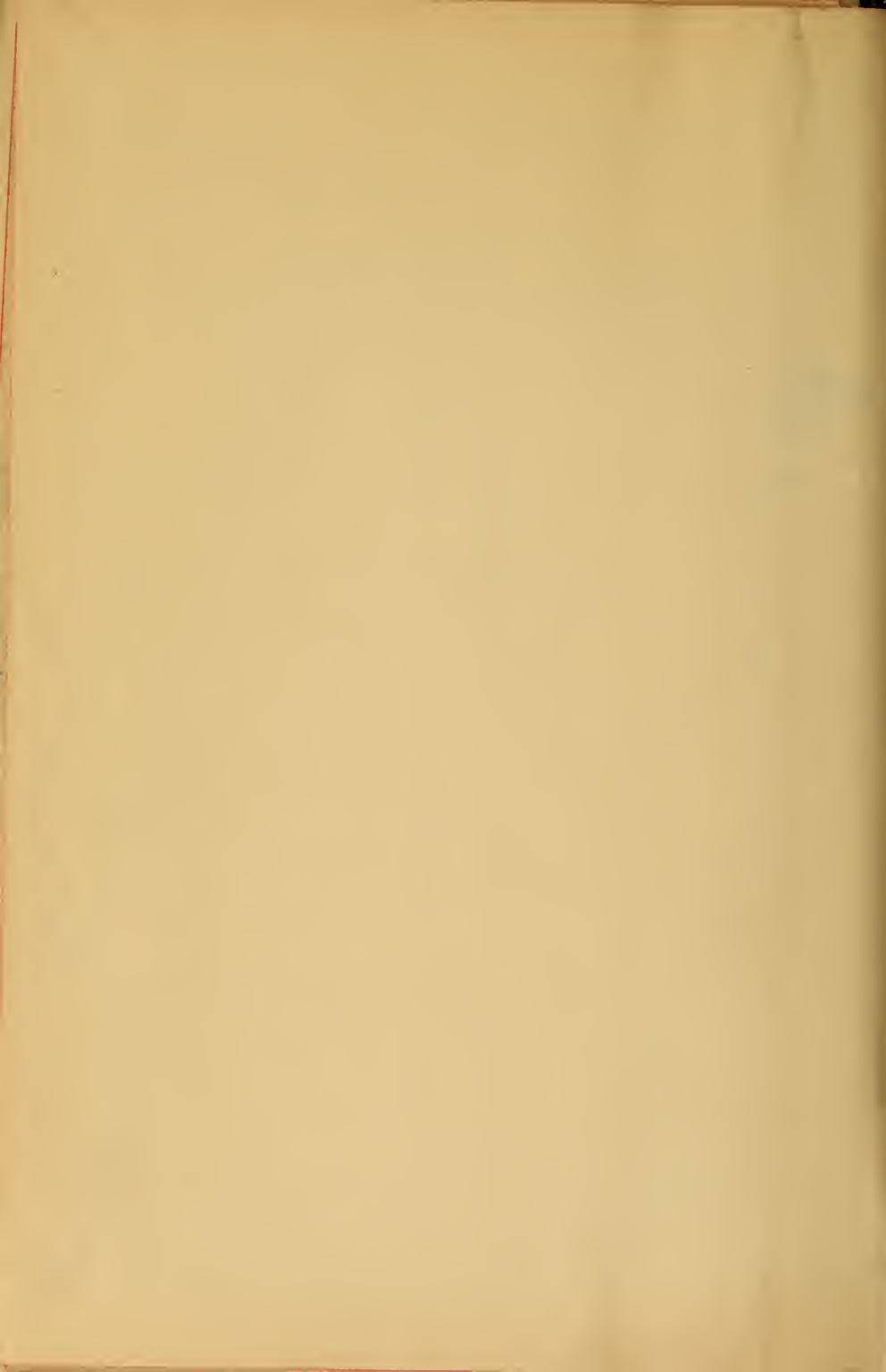
Titles in SMALL CAPS; first lines in roman.

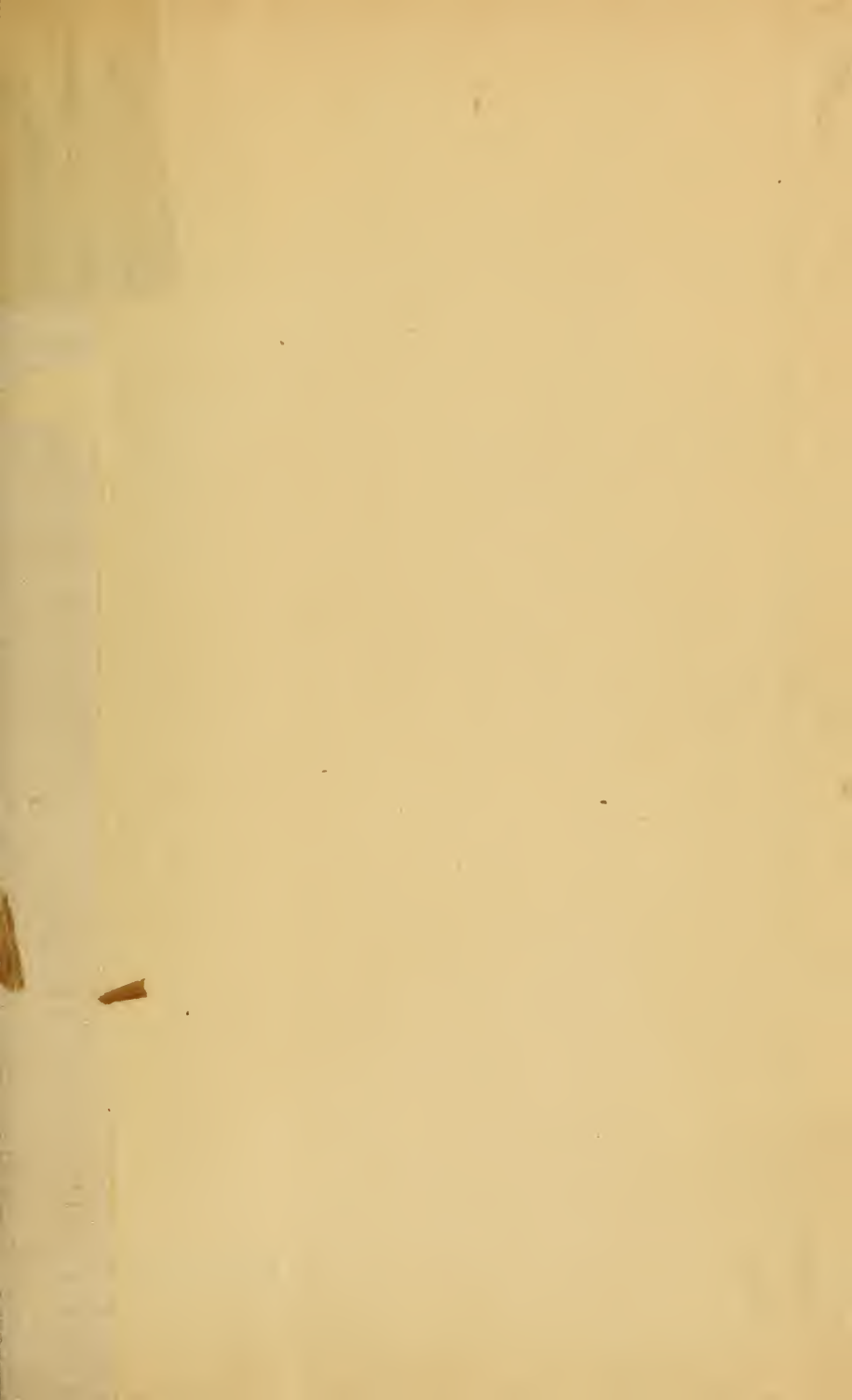
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"David's strings

O'erflowed his hand with music from his heart."—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

"Who knows but man, in harmony with God,
Might learn the music which the angels love?"—E. H. Plumptre.

"Music streams into feeling as it streams out of feeling, and is to the spirit a holy baptism of sound."—Horace Bushnell.

"Music inspires hope, and pictures the splendors of immortality."—J. Vane Chancy.

"Though it seemeth of earth,
Heavenly is the music's birth."—Edwin Arnold.

"For all the arts beneath the heavens,
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As music's melting, mystic lay."—James Hotz.

"Feed my sick soul with music, do not cease;
Those waves of sound are very seas of peace."—Henry Morford.

"To beds of pain, to rooms of death,
The soft and solemn music stole,
And soothed the dying with its breath,
And passed into the mourner's soul."—Thomas B. Read.

"Music is the most spiritual, the most impressive, and the most universal of all arts."—Henry Giles.

"Music gives birth to aspirations. It makes a true man truer: it makes a bad man better."—George P. Upton.

"Music is full of religion. The first tidings that ever came from heaven to man came in music on the plains of Bethlehem."—George P. Upton.

"Music soothes us, stirs us up. It puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how."—Charles Kingsley.

"Where breathes a music sweet and long,
Which melts the soul like sacred song,
And purifies the heart that's wrong."—Harvey Rice.

"A master hand hath swept the chords along,
And caught sweet echoes from the land of song;
While, pure as melodies of evening bells,
To his free touch harmonious music swells."—Henry Fletcher.

"Music, soft charm of heaven and earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?"—Edmund Smith.

"It was the spirit of Christianity which animated anew the soul of music."—Wagner.